June 14, 1975

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Saturday Review

International Women's Year – Fact and Fantasy

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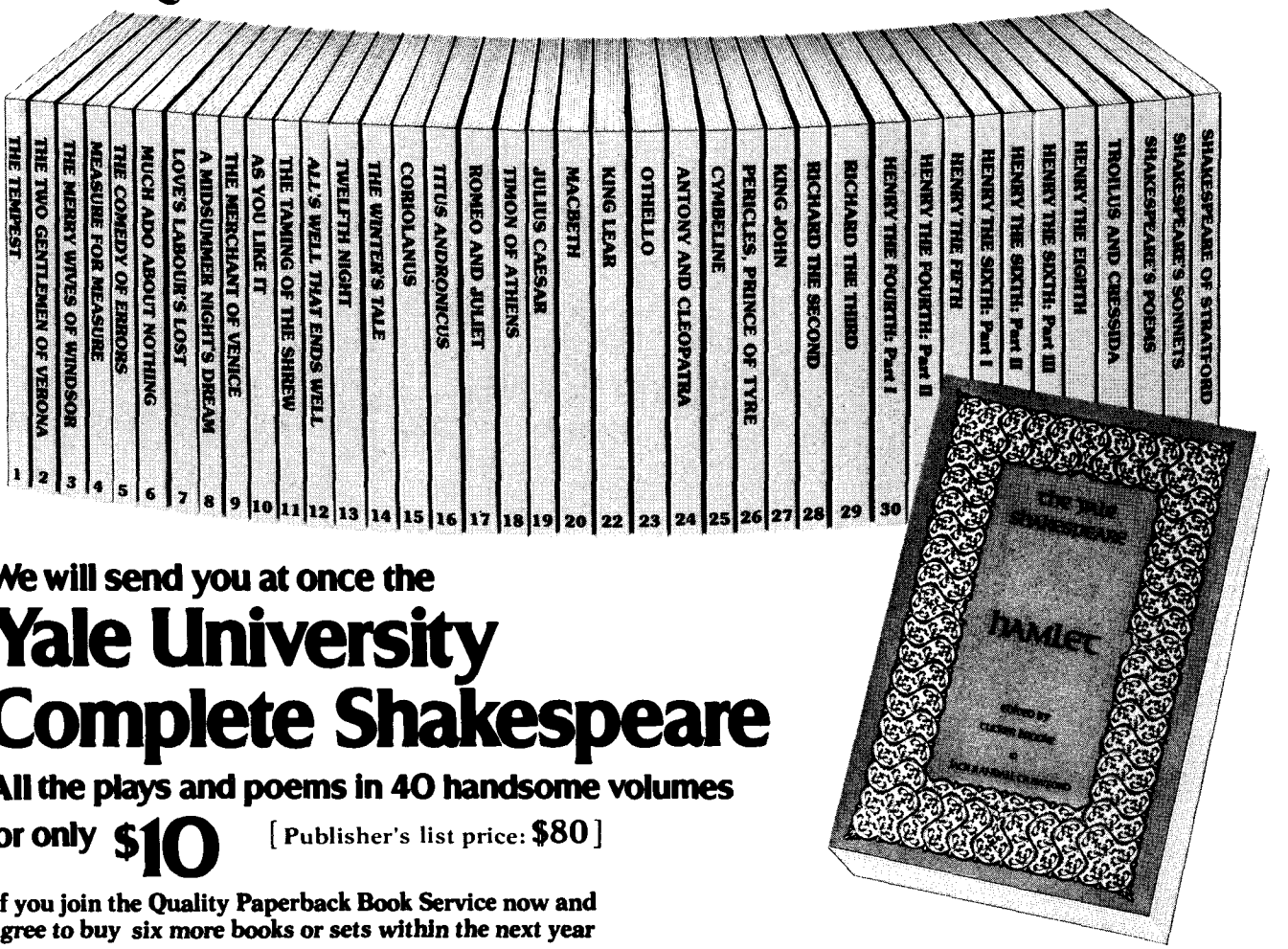

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Page 10

Page 22

Page 52

June 14, 1975

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

7 Curmudgeon-at-Large *by Cleveland Amory*

8 World Progress Report

10 Outlook: What Makes Tally Palmer Run? *by Russell Warren Howe and Sarah Hays Trott*

41 NSLA Artsletter

55 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

59 Light Refractions *by Thomas H. Middleton*

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S YEAR
SR Special Section

12 Sex, Society, and the Female Dilemma—A Dialogue Between Simone de Beauvoir and Betty Friedan

22 International Women's Year: Fact and Fantasy *by Merle Goldberg*
Lively, faction-healing dialogues may emerge from the upcoming International Women's Year Conference.

25 Men's Words; Women's Roles *by Dan Lacy*

26 Needed: Full Partnership for Women *by Margaret Mead*

28 Françoise Giroud: France's Non-Feminist Minister for Women *by Lucy Komisar*
France's paradoxical top woman official fights for women's rights but is no women's-lib militant.

BOOKS

31 The Hesse-Mann Letters: The Correspondence of Hermann Hesse and Thomas Mann, 1910–1955
Edited by Anni Carlsson
Reviewed by Harry Levin

34 The Education of Lev Navrozov: A Life in the Closed World Once Called Russia
by Lev Navrozov
Reviewed by Simon Karlinsky

36 The Weather Machine
by Nigel Calder
Reviewed by Robert Claiborne

37 My Passport Says Clairvoyant
by M. B. Dykshoorn as told to Russell H. Felton
Reviewed by Valentine Rossilli Winsey

38 New Books
by Dorothy Rabinowitz

40 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

FINE ARTS

43 Tiffany and the Good Life
by Katharine Kuh

MUSIC

46 Fresh Faces and First Encounters *by Irving Kolodin*

DANCE

47 A Huge "Ivan"; a Rousing "Mooche"
by Walter Terry

FILM

49 Too Much
by Hollis Alpert

THEATER

50 The Tonys Reconsidered
by Henry Hewes

TRAVEL

52 On a Note of High Zee
by Horace Sutton

GAMESMANSHIP

7 Literary Crypt No. 35

55 Wit Twister No. 48

58 Double-Crostic No. 75

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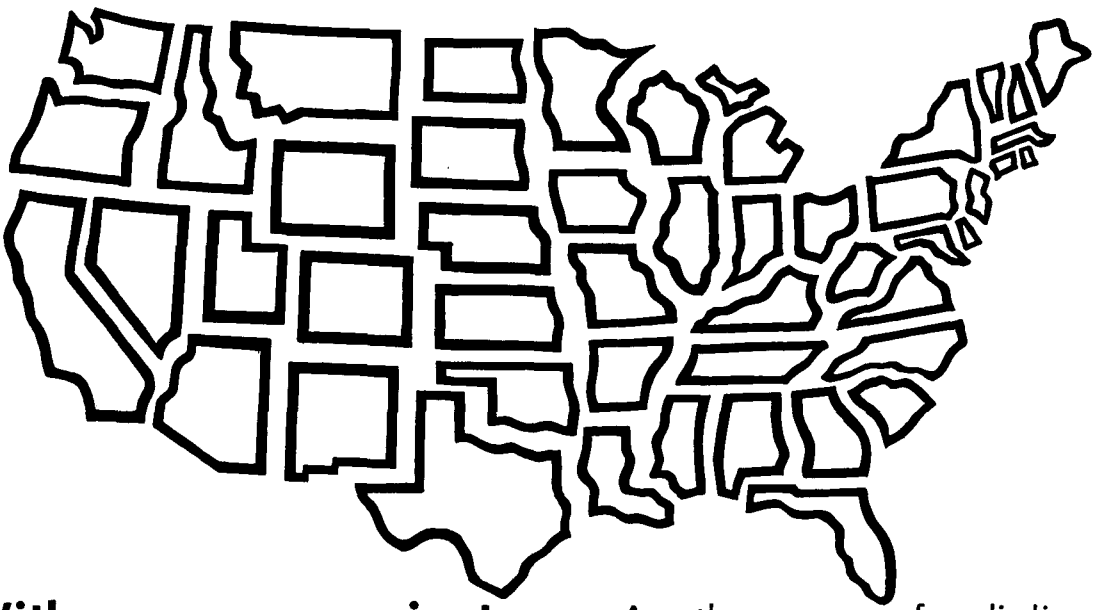

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The Right to Die

The world of religion and philosophy was shocked recently when Henry P. Van Dusen and his wife ended their lives by their own hands. Dr. Van Dusen had been president of Union Theological Seminary; for more than a quarter-century he had been one of the luminous names in Protestant theology. He enjoyed world status as a spiritual leader. News of the self-inflicted death of the Van Dusens, therefore, was profoundly disturbing to all those who attach a moral stigma to suicide and regard it as a violation of God's laws.

Dr. Van Dusen had anticipated this reaction. He and his wife left behind a letter that may have historic significance. It was very brief, but the essential point it made is now being widely discussed by theologians and could represent the beginning of a reconsideration of traditional religious attitudes toward self-inflicted death. The letter raised a moral issue: does an individual have the obligation to go on living even when the beauty and meaning and power of life are gone?

Henry and Elizabeth Van Dusen had lived full lives. In recent years, they had become increasingly ill, requiring almost continual medical care. Their infirmities were worsening, and they realized they would soon become completely dependent for even the most elementary needs and functions. Under these circumstances, little dignity would have been left in life. They didn't like the idea of taking up space in a world with too many mouths and too little food. They believed it was a misuse of medical science to keep them technically alive.

They therefore believed they had the right to decide when to die. In making that decision, they weren't turning against life as the highest value; what they were turning against was the notion that there were no circumstances under which life should be discontinued.

An important aspect of human uniqueness is the power of free will. In his books and lectures, Dr. Van Dusen frequently spoke about the exercise of this uniqueness. The fact that he used his free will to prevent life from becoming a caricature of itself was completely in character. In their letter, the Van Dusens sought to convince family and friends that they were not acting solely out of despair or pain.

The use of free will to put an end to one's life finds no sanction in the theology to which Pitney Van Dusen was committed. Suicide symbolizes discontinuity; religion symbolizes continuity, represented at its quintessence by the concept of the immortal soul. Human logic finds it almost impossible to come to terms with the concept of non-existence. In religion, the human mind finds a larger dimension and is relieved of the ordeal of a confrontation with non-existence.

Even without respect to religion, the idea of suicide has been abhorrent throughout history. Some societies have imposed severe penalties on the families of suicides in the hope that the individual who sees no reason to continue his existence may be deterred by the stigma his self-destruction would inflict on loved ones. Other societies have enacted laws prohibiting suicide on the grounds that it is murder. The enforcement of such laws, of course, has been an exercise in futility.

Customs and attitudes, like individuals themselves, are largely shaped by the surrounding environment. In today's world, life can be prolonged by science far beyond meaning or sensibility. Under these circumstances, individuals who feel they have nothing more to give to life, or to receive from it, need not be applauded, but they can be spared our condemnation.

The general reaction to suicide is bound to change as people come to understand that it may be a denial, not an assertion, of moral or religious ethics to allow life to be extended without regard to decency or pride. What moral or religious purpose is celebrated by the annihilation of the human spirit in the triumphant act of keeping the body alive? Why are so many people more readily appalled by an unnatural form of dying than by an unnatural form of living?

"Nowadays," the Van Dusens wrote in their last letter, "it is difficult to die. We feel that this way we are taking will become more usual and acceptable as the years pass.

"Of course, the thought of our children and our grandchildren makes us sad, but we still feel that this is the best way and the right way to go. We are both increasingly weak and unwell and who would want to die in a nursing home?

"We are not afraid to die. . . ."

Pitney Van Dusen was admired and respected in life. He can be admired and respected in death. "Suicide," said Goethe, "is an incident in human life which, however much disputed and discussed, demands the sympathy of every man, and in every age must be dealt with anew."

Death is not the greatest loss in life. The greatest loss is what dies inside us while we live. The unbearable tragedy is to live without dignity or sensitivity. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

The Unforeseeable Future

In the otherwise excellent article by Robert Marsh ("The Americanization of Sir Georg Solti," April 19) one must take issue with the somewhat provincial conclusion drawn that "Solti may find himself . . . the dominant force in American orchestral music." Such a statement overlooks two major factors.

First, omniscience is not conferred upon Mr. Marsh, and he is not able to foresee what developments will take place in American orchestral music in the next 25 years any more than he would have had he been writing in 1950. For if such an article had been written in 1950, not only would the Americanization of Georg Solti have been impossible to predict, but also one would have left out the career of Leonard Bernstein in New York and his impact on the American musical scene. Likewise, there would have been no mention of the phenomenon of the young musical director in America and the resultant growth caused by such people as Zubin Mehta, Seiji Ozawa, and Michael Tilson Thomas. One would expect similar things to occur over the next 25 years.

Secondly, it is impossible for one person to dominate the American orchestral musical scene. Over the past quarter-century, there have been several dominant forces in American music, people and orchestras such as Toscanini and Bernstein; Ormandy; Szell and Maazel; Reiner and Solti; Mehta and others who have exerted a strong influence in certain areas on the American scene. No one person or orchestra will ever have the kind of dominance that Europeans seem to treasure in their ensembles, a situation that is all to the good.

That Mr. Solti is a brilliant conductor is undeniable, but over the next quarter-century he will be only one of several who will lend their brilliance to American orchestral music.

Robert Thomas
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Of Rights and Responsibilities

I think that Mr. Hechinger ("Due Process for the Unruly Student," April 5) should teach for a year in a typical school setting. We have many students who, because of poor home background, drugs, or general teenage rebelliousness, do not want to learn. Their only satisfaction is the attention their destructiveness and disruptiveness provides them.

We talk of their rights. But what of the rights of the students who want to learn? They are forced into a zero-learning situation while the teacher devotes his or her time to the handling of a troublesome student. A class cannot be conducted if one or more students are raising hell.

And what of the right of the teacher to teach? Teaching and turmoil are not compatible. . . .

Which right has priority? . . . We must meet the needs of students who are in trouble, but leaving them in a classroom to cause trouble is not the answer.

Nancy Nelson
Englewood, Ohio

"Right this very minute, somebody, somewhere, is figuring out a way to pass his increased costs on to us."

Agreement Among Authors

There is a touch of confusion in your account of the two methods now under discussion in Britain for paying library dues (*Artsletter*, April 19). It deserves clearing up for the sake of U.S. authors, who may one day get *their* due, too.

It isn't only novelists who want annual payments according to the use of their books. This method is backed by all the major unions and organizations, representing authors of all types of books, including reference books. Your assertion that reference-book writers support the alternative method, a once-only payment on purchase, implies that reference-book writers must be masochists: the purchase method would deprive them of payment for all their books already in reference libraries—books that might go on serving the public for 10 or more unpaid years.

Nearly a quarter of the authors (of all kinds) who would be eligible to be paid under the payment-for-use scheme would be totally excluded under the purchase scheme. The only supporters of the purchase scheme are civil servants.

Brigid Brophy
Maureen Duffy
Writer's Action Group
London, England

A Plea for Mercy

Alfred Kazin is established as a more than competent critic, and I am merely an incompetent reader. However, his blast at Stegner and DeVoto ("By America Obsessed," May 3) seems in-

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temperate. He speaks of DeVoto's "intellectual self-assertiveness"; my only experience with him was a letter written to me while in a hospital, and I judged him not overly assertive, but friendly and kind. Certainly, the reviewer could have been slightly kinder and still shown his dislike for the book.

Perhaps Mr. Kazin has never read DeVoto's *The Hour*. If not, I might tell him that the DeVoto martini is 3.85 to 1. . . . If the critic had indulged in at least one of these perfect, pre-chilled-glass martinis before his review, his excoriation might have been somewhat softened. . . .

J. Russell Willison
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Unacknowledged Holocaust

John Dornberg's enlightening article ("Germany's Undigested Past," May 3) prompted me to try to push you into another intellectual analysis.

As an Armenian whose parents emigrated to this country from Turkey, I am intensely curious about Turkey's genocide program against Armenians, as curious as today's German youth are about Hitler.

There are links in twentieth-century Turkish and German history, not to mention the fact that the two countries were allies during World War I. Some believe that it was the Germans who implanted the idea of exterminating all Armenians from the territory of the Ottoman Empire during World War I. Unlike the Germans, who, having admitted to the horrors perpetrated against the Jews during the Nazi regime, are thrashing out their guilt feelings and have made reparation payments, the Turks to this day categorically deny that any such massacres occurred.

They defended their supposition last year by launching an aggressive attack to try to remove from the text of a U.N. subcommittee report on human rights any reference to the genocide. . . .

Roger Tashjian
New York, N.Y.

Verbosity Vilified

The ever erudite and succinct Thomas Middleton (*Light Refractions*, April 19) must know that wordiness is no new sin.

Edward Lowell, himself rather verbose, wrote to Tom Bradford from France in 1827, ". . . teach our contemporaries that eloquence does not depend upon abundance, but selection and position. . . . When all the world should be laboring to become sententious, everybody seems to have the mania of diffuseness and amplification. . . . In the United States . . . this evil has reached its summit. . . . The Americans . . . unite that natural loquacity of the French people to the natural looseness of the English language, and from this union these terrible *longueurs*! . . ."

Margaret Cook
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Discipline Upheld

Any attempt to instill the principles of law and order into American schoolchildren should be encouraged, not branded as "ominous," as in Fred Hechinger's article ("The All-New 'Law and Order' Classroom," May 3).

Possibly Mr. Hechinger is unaware of the prevalence in our schools of behavior ranging from the anti-social to the downright criminal. It can be traced directly to the abject failure of the American home to prepare its children of pre-school age for ultimate citizenship. As a result, the elementary schools find the process of civilizing these young barbarians a full-time job, with little or no time left over for the job of educating them. Yet the schools, rather than the home, bear the brunt of ivory-tower criticism. . . .

Robert Stone
Newmarket, N.H.

Aid for Vietnam

We completely concur with N.C.'s proposal ("Vietnam: What Is Really Needed," May 3) that the citizens of the United States—as a nation and as individuals—should provide massive emergency humanitarian aid, through international agencies, for the citizens of all of Vietnam and Cambodia.

I only regret that, while calling for the "upgrading" of the United Nations, there was no mention of the U.N. relief programs underway in Vietnam and Cambodia through the U.N. Children's Fund and the High Commission for Refugees, which are being coordinated for the Secretary General by Sir Robert Jackson.

UNICEF has a particular capability for assistance in the new situation because its relief and rehabilitation program has been operating in all parts of the peninsula over the past two years. . . .

Helenka Pantaleoni
President, U.S.
Committee for UNICEF
New York, N.Y.

"Please keep your voice down. What track does the 7:18 for Indianapolis leave on?"

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Curmudgeon-at-Large by Cleveland Amory

In tough times it sure is good to read about people who have it made. Take, for example, the Alaskan pipeline. "Depending on their jobs," says the *Wall Street Journal* "workers earn up to $60,000 a year."

Executives, we presume, get the earth—or what's left of it.

And, mind you, we're not talking about just men workers. A woman warehouse coding clerk, for example, is now, with overtime, the *Journal* reported, making "close to $1,000 a week." At the Fairbanks bookstore, where she formerly worked, she made $3.50 an hour.

All workers get housed and fed—by the employer. And they don't have to clean their rooms or make their beds—that's done by the catering firms that provide the food and housekeeping services. They do, however, have to do their own laundry. It's done in the employer's automatic washers and dryers, of course, but still they have to do it. These days, it seems, it's hard to get clean-in help.

Recreation is free, too. First-run movies are flown in and changed daily. Plus taped commercial television shows. Besides, there are free courses offered on television on such subjects as—and we quote—"investment planning" and "log-cabin building." You know, like the old days. Pioneers, O pioneers.

The only thing that isn't very good is the food. The men grumbled particularly, apparently, when lobster "disappeared" from the menu.

Our guess is that the Arabs bought it.

MANUAL OF THE MONTH—as spotted by Virginia Pierson, in the *Arizona Driver's Manual*:

Right-of-Way for Pedestrians:

Persons who are walking across streets have the right of way over motor vehicles if they are walking within the crosswalks *whether the crosswalks are marked or not.* Pedestrians do not have the right-of-way when crossing streets at other points, or "jay-walking." Two wrongs do not make a right—so do not run over a pedestrian even though he is in violation.

EXTRAVAGANCE DEPT.—as located by G. M. Boright, of Ironton, Ohio, in Jack Anderson's column in the Van Nuys *News*:

An estimated $350,000,000 was spent outside of the legitimate appropriations process—in a gamble to recover an archaic diesel sub, obsolete missiles and outdated coeds.

The right sort of coed, we say, can easily be updated.

BICENTENNIAL BITE—as discovered by Louise Torrey, of Westport, Conn., in the *Westport News*:

To carry out the spirit of the day, members of the Westport Friends group, who aid destitute youngsters in Wilcox County, Alabama, will wear eighteenth century costumes to hostess this year's version of their well-known salad-smorgasbord spreads. Table decorations and prizes will be in the same mood. A special display will tell in pictures, maps, and legends the story of the famous ride of Paul Revere and the less famous one of his compatriot, William Dawes, the battle at the most historic bridge in America—"The rude bride that arched the flood."

Well, some of the husbands in those days were no picnic, either.

LETTER OF THE MONTH—as received by Marian Schneider of Valley Stream, N.Y.:

Dear Evinrude Owner:

Our records indicate that you are the registered owner of a 1975 Evinrude motor, model and serial number shown on the attached form.

We have had reports from the field that a part in the shift mechanism in the gearcase of this model outboard motor may malfunction. If the mechanism malfunctions, you will be able to move your remote control lever from reverse, through neutral and into forward gear, but your motor will remain in reverse. You could become confused. Your boat will be moving backwards while you intended it to be moving forward.

Damn the torpedoes, man; full speed astern! □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 35

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 57.

OL GWITS IKKLEHV I ALES VJERUROB TLOMRTJRLO LK JZS MIORJN LK ZQAIO ZLGSV, JZIO I GQCWRT WRCEIEN.

—VIAQSW FLZOVLO

"What's up, Leonardo?"

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World Progress Report

Back From the Brink

In the United States of the late Fifties, which was relatively less sophisticated about the forms and fashions of government corruption, a vicuña coat given to a high official became a symbol of the kind of hanky-panky that threatened the foundations of the Republic. At the time, few Americans gave much thought to the effect that the resulting perverse popularity might have on the vicuña; in the following decade the population of the shy, luxuriously coated mammals—distant relatives of the camel—dwindled from 500,000 to fewer than 10,000 in the Andean fastness of South America. Unlike its close cousins, the llama and the alpaca, the vicuña proved too wild and wily to be saved by domestication. By 1968, the vicuña, losing ground, gained election to the lengthening list of the world's endangered species.

Happily, however, timely action by the governments of Peru, Chile, Bolivia, and Argentina appears to have rescued the vicuña from extinction. Armed patrols of game wardens guard the high mountain zone between the tree line and the snow line, where poachers with automatic rifles used to hunt from helicopters. In the Pampa Galeras, a well-protected, 16,000-acre reserve in southern Peru, a recent census revealed that the vicuña population has revived from a mere 2,000 in 1966 to some 14,000 today. For his work in saving the vicuña from extinction, Felipe Benavides of Peru has won the World Wildlife Fund's $50,000 Conservation Prize, endowed by J. Paul Getty.

Boning Up

The old Bavarian porcelain firm of Rosenthal, world-famous for its fine bone china, has recently diversified into a new line: china bones. Made of a ceramic material based on pure aluminum oxide, the artificial bones are reported to be more compatible with living tissue, and less susceptible to corrosion and decomposition, than the plastics and metals now used. In collaboration with university clinics in Erlangen, Frankfurt, and Vienna, the Rosenthal researchers began with replacements for arm, wrist, and back bones. After successful trials at the Vienna clinic—mostly on patients whose own bones had been destroyed in accidents—Rosenthal has extended its efforts to the more difficult bones of the hip, the knee, and the elbow.

A Shot in Time

As recently as 1969, the constant threat of rubella, or German measles, was enough to inspire nightmares in pregnant women and public-health officials. In the mid-Sixties, the most recent peak of the epidemic cycle of the disease, rubella in the United States was responsible for more than 20,000 cases of blindness, hearing loss, heart defects, mental retardation, and even death, in newborn infants. Having studied the past history of the disease, specialists anticipated another epidemic in the early Seventies.

According to Dr. Louis Z. Cooper, professor of pediatrics at Columbia University and a leader in rubella treatment and research, that epidemic was averted by the widespread inoculation of children with a vaccine licensed for U.S. use in 1969. "There is less rubella now in New York City and in the United States as a whole," Dr. Cooper told a recent meeting sponsored by the March of Dimes, "than at any time since the collection of statistics on the disease began." That was in 1930 in New York and a decade ago throughout the rest of the country.

In the past five years, 55 million children in the United States have been inoculated with the vaccine. The virus is most commonly communicated to unborn infants when the pregnant mother is exposed to a young child with rubella.

According to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, last year there were only some 12,000 reported cases of rubella in the United States, 57 percent fewer than there were the year before and 75 percent fewer than the national average before the vaccine was introduced.

Dr. Cooper warned, however, that the recent relaxation of the inoculation effort poses the threat of renewed rubella epidemics. With current cutbacks in federal funding for vaccination programs, only 60 percent of the country's one-to-four-year-olds and 80 percent of its five-to-nine-year-olds are being immunized. In an interview with *The New York Times*, Dr. Cooper insisted that this is not a high enough rate to ensure that the disease will remain under control, and he urged that everyone be immunized so that there would be total protection of unborn infants. Until universal immunization is achieved, he recommended that all women be tested for susceptibility to rubella before they become pregnant. Women without immunity should be vaccinated at least three months before they conceive a child. Dr. Cooper estimated that the virtual elimination of rubella through the inoculation of all children would cost less than $10 million per year, while the cost of caring for the victims of the 1964 epidemic exceeds $2 billion.

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Bless you, sir, and may the prime rate never go up."

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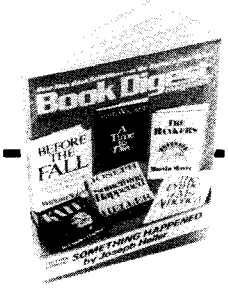

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What Makes Tally Palmer Run?

by Russell Warren Howe and Sarah Hays Trott

Washington

One of the more combative women in the nation's capital these days is Alison Palmer, a career diplomat in her early 40s.

Ms. Palmer's current job titles indicate her range and firepower: she is a full-fledged U.S. foreign service officer and deputy director of the State Department's Office of Central African Affairs; organizer and shop steward of Local 1534 of the American Federal Government Employees Union (AFL-CIO), at the Department; and an ordained Episcopal deacon.

The point about this odd mix of positions is that Palmer has had to *fight* to get the jobs and fight to hold them. When in the late Sixties she felt the State Department wasn't doing right by her, Tally—the nickname comes from a youth spent fox-hunting—took the unladylike step of *suing the department.* After four years of legal wrangling, she won her case and was promoted to first secretary/consul-general rank.

When she then went on to unionize the State Department and become its shop steward, appalled old-line diplomatic types of both sexes were shaken to the core and told her so. Her church career has been marked by similar controversy. Last month Palmer and fellow Washington deacon Lee McGee filed suit against the local diocese for not according them full priesthood—specifically, for denying them equal pay and opportunity under the Civil Rights Act.

CLEARLY, ALISON PALMER knows how to make things happen. But what makes her tick? The fact is that she is a puzzle, both to her friends and to that small army of enemies who see no good in her pioneering activities.

Some male colleagues see her as a dragon-slayer, a trouble-making man-eater. One of them calls her "attention-seeking . . . a girl on the make" who has "taken the church and the State Department for a ride" but who feels no allegiance to the Foreign Service: "When things don't go her way, the system is wrong." He finds her paranoid about sexist prejudice. A practicing Episcopalian, he doubts her suitability for the priesthood and says: "I wonder what she'll do next. If there's something she can't do because she's a woman, she'll go after that. Maybe she'll want to be a female jumbo jet captain—unless there's one already."

Many of her parishioners, who are really her main constituents, think she'll be the first woman bishop. She laughs evasively at the idea. "I'm really not a women's libber at all," she says. "I've been sort of pushed into this by circumstance." She thinks the International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City may turn out to be "merely a public-relations gesture," and she is too much of a loner to be a women's organization leader herself.

Diplomat Palmer—"Some colleagues see her as a trouble-making man-eater."

Some of the circumstances that have made her an activist are clear enough, but what really makes Alison Palmer run is something of a mystery.

After she had graduated from Brown University in 1953, Tally went to work for the *Christian Science Monitor* and then *The New York Times,* hoping for a foreign assignment. But foreign-correspondent jobs for women were practically non-existent then, as they are today; so she applied to the U.S. Foreign Service. She passed the written tests but "failed" the orals. Later she discovered that in those days, out of 150 annual acceptances, State took only one woman or one Negro: 1955 was a Negro year. She joined the foreign-service staff corps—which is to the real Foreign Service what the sergeants' mess is to the officers' club.

She was told that while awaiting her security clearance, she could have only a temporary post—as filing clerk in Security. It was her first realization that State was not rational in all it did. In 1956 she was assigned as code and cipher clerk in the Gold Coast, which became independent Ghana while she was there.

Having passed fresh orals and become a full FSO (foreign service officer) in 1959, she was posted to the Congo as a vice-consul in 1960, a few days before independence. During the subsequent uprising she refused evacuation to Brazzaville along with the women and children of the corps. One of her first duties was to stand beside Ambassador Clare Timberlake at the embassy door, from which she lectured mutinous Congolese soldiers on diplomatic immunity so that they would not occupy the premises.

Timberlake is now in retirement. He recalls Palmer as something out of the ordinary. At the time of the Congo ordeal in 1960, he told reporters: "She was splendid, splendid. She did exactly what the book says you're supposed to do. No reasoning why. Splendid."

Later that year, she turned up in a leafy Léopoldville (now Kinshasa) suburb where, she had learned, three U.S. correspondents had just been condemned to death as Communist spies. The sentence had been passed by a kangaroo court of Congolese police officers and commissars. The three had been arrested for penetrating the Congolese army's front lines, just as the army was trying to dislodge from his house a recalcitrant *persona non grata*—Ghanaian ambassador Nathaniel Welbeck.

When Tally Palmer arrived, there was five minutes to go before the scheduled shooting by a firing squad. Palmer, then 28 years old, hassled Congolese officers, stalling for time and talking about the rights of the press and the trouble that the officers could cause for themselves with Washington. She then

Washington freelance reporters Howe and Trott are writing a book about foreign lobbyists.

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bustled into a Belgian's house and used the phone, getting Col. Joseph Mobutu (then chief of staff, now president) on the wire at first try, a feat that electrified reporters. Then she brought a Congolese officer to the phone to get the colonel's orders to release the correspondents at once.

In 1963, Palmer was appointed American consul in British Guiana (now Guyana). The country was then in the throes of pre-independence turbulence. But after her staff-aide year in the Congo, that appointment was a relief. One day leftist militants blew up her office. Fortunately, at the time she was at her home nearby—answering congressional mail. After her experiences in the Congo, political and street violence did not faze her too much.

AFTER FRUSTRATING, embittering later postings in Africa and Vietnam, Tally Palmer became convinced that she was getting the runaround on assignments simply because she was a woman. While in Vietnam, in 1968, she had begun her now-famous discrimination suit against three U.S. ambassadors. Fellow women FSOs tried to head her off, saying, "If you go through with this, you'll never make ambassador yourself." She went ahead anyway. A senior female diplomat took her to lunch in State's cafeteria and said frankly, "Alison, you're a disgrace to women!"

After four years of bruising tussles and cut-and-thrust, she was granted promotion to FSO-3—but without the one-year retroactivity that she had sought. State tried hard to avoid her suit but finally came out of its corner, only to lose after Palmer once again did the unthinkable: she sent U.S. marshals to Secretary William Rogers's home with a summons. A friendly associate, noting that her promotion record is better than average for either men or women, observes dryly: "I don't think she was ever discriminated against; I just think she made a goddamn good case."

* * * *

Alison Palmer traces her deep, assertive religiosity to her 1960 stint as an American vice-consul in the Congo. On that assignment her principal consular task had been to look after 250 American missionary families scattered across the "bush." Those stormy Congo days were the beginning of Palmer's religious conversion from "paganism." She recalls: "People wrote all sorts of marvelous things about me, but I was really a terrible coward. Every morning my knees would shake, my hands would tremble, and I didn't know how I was ever going to get through the day."

"An embassy of her own is not among her dreams—'I've seen so many women ridden over roughshod by so many ambassadors that the very word "ambassador" turns me off.' "

She credits her conversion to a Canadian chaplain who held standing-room-only services in an abandoned villa. On her return to the United States, she was baptized and confirmed. Why did she choose the Episcopalian church rather than one of the more militant Christian sects? Partly, she says, because she likes "a little theater" in the ritual.

Nowadays, Palmer reflects that if she had been sent to Bermuda, Paris, and London instead of on more dangerous assignments in Africa, South America, and Southeast Asia, religion might have passed her by. After conversion in the Congo and prayerful reflection in Boston, she began church work and theological studies in Ethiopia, spurred by the shock of learning that her father was dying of cancer. Fighting chauvinist ambassadors in Africa had created a need to "develop spiritual strength," and her father's dying thousands of miles away encouraged a sense of the infinite. Finally, the horror of Vietnam made Palmer certain that she wanted a church career—"it was God's decision."

It was in 1971, while working for the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research (INR), that she "mustered up the courage" to apply to the church for postulancy—that is, for status as a probationary candidate for holy orders. Washington Bishop William F. Creighton, who favors ordaining women—and who recently announced that he would not ordain for the priesthood anyone of either sex until the ordination of women is approved—allowed her to join a special two-year course so that she could keep her job at State. But even the church had its hesitations: the routine one-hour psychological screening for potential clerics lasted eight hours in Tally's case. Said the psychiatrist paternally: "It's just that I'd never seen anyone like you before, and I wanted to make sure you were real." He "highly recommended" her.

On June 9 last year, Palmer became the first woman to be ordained in Washington's Episcopal diocese. After serving six months as a deacon, she would have attained full priesthood in December, if she were a man—or if she were a woman in Hong Kong (where there are three female priests already) or perhaps in Canada, where full ordination is now possible. U.S. Episcopalians may grant full priesthood to women at their next national convention—in Minneapolis, in 1976.

Is the church in for the same shaking up that Tally gave the State Department? She shakes her head but admits with a twinkle that "I like to think of priest associations as potential labor unions." As a member of the Episcopal Women's Caucus, she helps write pamphlets and devise strategy for obtaining full priesthood for women. She also helped revise the Episcopal trial liturgy—to remove from it all traces of sexism. "We're trying to get men off the hook as well," she explains. She has proposed changing the claim, made in Psalm 116:11, that "all men are liars."

Palmer hadn't yet become a deacon before she was resisting her superiors, who wanted to post her away from the Washington church, St. Columba's, where she had done her postulancy. Because it was "only tradition" to do this, she objected; the church backed down.

Palmer will be a "worker-priest" in the diplomatic community wherever her foreign-service career takes her—she hopes it will be back to Africa, where "there's more that's new going on per minute and per square mile than anywhere else." But an embassy of her own is not among her dreams—"I've seen so many women ridden over roughshod by so many ambassadors that the very word *ambassador* turns me off." Did she choose the wrong career? She thinks not—then admits she would probably rather have been a newspaper correspondent in Africa. She has told her church superiors that she is prepared to make the priesthood a full time career if they want her to. Meanwhile, at last report, an unregenerate State Department is still leading with its chin—it has just tried unsuccessfully to transfer the diplomat-labor organizer-deacon to a low-level post at Peace Corps headquarters: she has warned her overworked lawyer of yet another potential case. □

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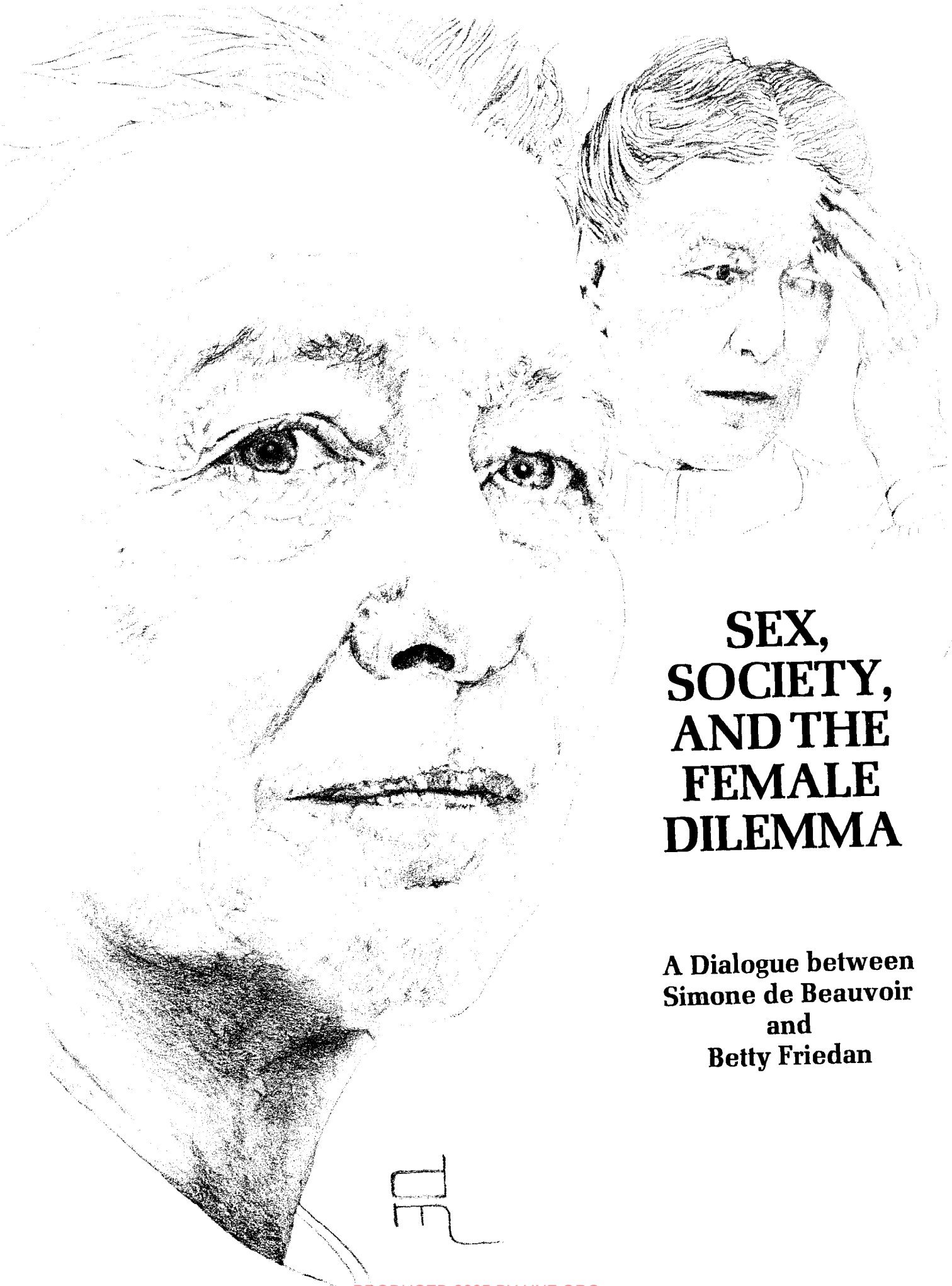

SEX, SOCIETY, AND THE FEMALE DILEMMA

A Dialogue between
Simone de Beauvoir
and
Betty Friedan

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vid Millman

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Sex, Society, and the Female Dilemma

The following dialogue was sought by author Betty Friedan for the purpose of "sharing with someone wiser, older . . . my own groping fears that the Women's Movement was coming to a dead end."

Friedan: I thought that it might be important for us to have a dialogue now for this reason: the Women's Movement, which I think we have both helped to influence by our books and through our thinking, has emerged as the largest and fastest-growing—perhaps, the only vital—movement for basic social change in the Seventies. But it has reached in America and, to some extent, in the world, a kind of crest and now it is floundering a little on a plateau.

de Beauvoir: Yes, I think that's true here in France.

Friedan: In the last two years in America, there has been a diffusion of energy in an internal ideological dispute. Women began to realize their political power with the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment right before the '72 elections and the Supreme Court's decision on abortion. At that point, forces on the far Right began a well-financed campaign to prevent ratification of ERA in the States and to overturn the abortion decision. From testimony at the Watergate hearings, we suspect that *agents provocateurs* were also at work within the Women's Movement, fomenting disruption and extremism, fanning the divisive note of sexual politics—"down with men, childbearing, and motherhood!" The attempt to make a political ideology out of sexual preference, out of lesbianism, has diverted energies from the political mainstream and hindered the political momentum of the Women's Movement.

de Beauvoir: Well, of that, I'm not so sure. Do you mean that promoting, "Down with childbirth, up with lesbianism" may be a maneuver to ruin the movement?

Friedan: It immobilizes the movement politically. To some extent there are genuine ideological differences. Some women in the movement genuinely feel—and I might disagree with them—that this is a class warfare against men, that childbearing, motherhood, and sex are the enemies. But it is my feeling that an overfocus on sexual issues, on sexual politics, as opposed to the condition of women in society in general, may have been accentuated by those who wished to immobilize the movement politically. According to the Gallup and Harris polls, the majority of American women, and even a majority of men, support the basic goals of equality for women in society. But when it is made to seem that women must renounce the love of men or children, you alienate the majority of women . . .

de Beauvoir: I understand.

Friedan: . . . as well as unnecessarily alienate the men. By the way, I am very glad to see that you now call yourself a feminist. I know you now think that a change in the economic system, such as communism, does not automatically bring about the liberation of women. How do you relate the women's struggle to the larger economic and political struggle?

de Beauvoir: I don't at all think that the Communist or Socialist systems as they are practiced answer this need. But I think there is a very strong relationship between the economic struggle and the feminist movement, at least as far as France is concerned. There was a strike at a Lip watch factory, in which 80 percent of the strikers were women. The strike was led by the women and lasted for six months, giving the women a sense of their own economic, and therefore political, power. However, though they were very active in the strike, when it was a question of taking the night watch, if their husbands didn't want them to, the women said, "All right, we're doing enough for the strike without upsetting our marriages." So, even in their activism they remained subordinate to their husbands and unconscious of their relationship to the condition of women in general. The great problem of the MLF (*Mouvement de Libération des Femmes*) here is to tie up these economic struggles to the feminist struggle.

Friedan: Is the MLF moving in a more economic direction?

de Beauvoir: It is very much divided. There are feminists who are concerned only with what you were talking about—the revolt against men, lesbianism, and so on—but there are many others involved with the Socialist movements, who try to connect the sex struggle with the economic class struggle and try to work with the women workers.

Friedan: Well, in my country the breakthrough in consciousness has been big, but we are facing a situation of economic turmoil in which women are being fired. With the retrenchment of budgets in universities and corporations comes a backsliding of the gains women have made. It is being asked, "How can we enforce the rules to hire more women when there is unemployment and more serious worries?"

de Beauvoir: It is not quite the same here, for the time being. On the contrary, the government tries to give the impression that the women are being integrated. Women are received at the Polytechnique, women are named presidents of universities, but the best of them understand that these are just tokens given by the reactionary forces. One woman resigned from a high post because she didn't want to be a token.

Friedan: We feel that women should take all the jobs they can get as long as they keep fighting to open the door wider for women and have no illusion that the tokenism takes the place of a real breakthrough.

de Beauvoir: This attitude is very much questioned in France. Certain women think this, but very often they are ac-

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The eagle is only one of 114 species and sub-species of wildlife in the United States now threatened with extinction. Foremost among the private non-profit agencies devoted to the protection of these and all forms of wildlife is the National Audubon Society. It maintains 44 sanctuaries throughout the country to provide safe nesting, feeding and resting sites for birds, and a protected environment for other wildlife. Jean Dorst, the great European environmental scientist has said, "The National Audubon Society . . . has done more to protect nature than any other private group in the world."

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cused of being "career women," "elitist," "privileged." Those who refuse are better liked because they don't believe that they widen the gap, but rather that they become alibis.

Friedan: Would you agree that it is not just a question of breaking through the overt sex discrimination, but that it will be necessary to change the rules of the game, the very structure of work—the class separation of secretary-boss, nurse-doctor?

de Beauvoir: Yes, that's why many women think they should not play the game, not the game in its present structure.

Friedan: How are they to eat?

de Beauvoir: They don't have to have the leading jobs. They don't have to be presidents of universities; they can be simple schoolteachers.

Friedan: Do you agree with that?

de Beauvoir: I ask myself the question. I think there is some truth in it, because if you want to really change society, it's not by accepting "honorable" jobs or important posts that you'll do it.

Friedan: On the other hand, if women are to be in a position to change society, they have to have the confidence and the skills to move in an advanced technological society. How are they to get those if they do not break through the barriers against them and actually move in the society? Your argument can easily be used to rationalize a position of continued inferiority—to reject education as well because it is tainted by the system.

No Gods, No Goddesses

by Betty Friedan

I suppose that what really made me go to see Simone de Beauvoir was a feeling that *someone* must know the right answer, someone must know for sure that all the women who have thrown away those old misleading maps are heading in the right direction, someone must see more clearly than I where the new road ends.

I, who had helped start women on that new road, had no such sure answers and distrusted those who did. I needed to share—with someone wiser, older, who had traveled longer that unmapped road—my own groping fears of the movement's coming to a possible dead end or maybe just to a mystifying fork in the road, an unforeseen new corner to turn. I, whom other women looked to for reassurance, suddenly needed someone to reassure me in my uncertainty, because I was too far down the road to turn back and now not so sure as others think I am of what lies ahead.

"The Women's Movement has no ideology," the intellectual critics, the political scientists, and the philosophers had been saying. Without a clear ideological blueprint, a complete map of the new system that is to replace the old, without a clear, precise, abstract ideology like the ideologies of revolutions past, detailing strategies for the overthrow of the enemy and the whole system, the actions women have been taking, personally, politically, were—the critics said—doomed to failure.

I did not agree. The real truth of this new Women's Movement, the only part of it I really trusted, were the *actions*, not the rhetoric of ideology borrowed from or modeled after other revolutions. I trusted only those actions stemming from the concrete reality of women's personal lives—actions aimed at breaking through, or transforming, the concrete social institutions that oppressed our lives or blocked our life-affirming energies.

Actions were taken in *life*, not in the static abstract, and you could tell from what happened in life where you were going wrong—if you looked at what was really happening. My problem lately had been that the Women's Movement was turning inward on itself, borrowing its ideological argument from those of other revolutions. And what was really happening as a result seemed to me a paralysis of action—or an acting out of rhetoric that did not open up new possibilities in life. I wanted to help keep the Women's Movement on its own existential course—feeling, somehow, that we must continue to find the truth from the questions and actions stemming from the reality of our own existence. But it is very difficult for people to trust themselves like that, especially on a new road, especially women who have had so little experience in traveling on the main roads of society, women who have so little confidence in themselves and in their own authority.

So I was going to see Simone de Beauvoir, still seeking that authority in someone else, seeking her authority to trust my own existential truth, like a child who still needs an authoritative God, who is not tough enough to face the uncertainty of existential truth.

I had never met Simone de Beauvoir, but I had learned my own existentialism from her. It was *The Second Sex* that introduced me to an existential approach to reality and political responsibility—that, in effect, freed me from the rubrics of authoritative ideology and led me to whatever original analysis of women's existence I have been able to contribute to the Women's Movement and to its unique politics. I looked to Simone de Beauvoir, therefore, for a philosophical and intellectual authority for my own existentialism.

To be more precise, when I first read *The Second Sex*, in the early Fifties, I was writing "housewife" on the census blanks, still in the unanalyzed embrace of the feminine mystique. And the book's effect on me personally as a woman was so depressing that I felt like going back to bed—after I had made the children's breakfast in the suburban morning—and pulling the covers up over my head. Only after a dozen years of living that kind of life did I personally, concretely, analyze what had brought me and other American women to that depressing state. And then I saw it as something that could be changed—the existence of women in a society that has made us what we are. The act of confronting my personal reality in *The Feminine Mystique* led me to the action of organizing social change—the Women's Movement—as personal consciousness-raising has led so many other women to the movement since.

It is only recently that Simone de Beauvoir has embraced the Women's Movement, professing publicly to find in radical feminism an ideological blueprint superior to Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist communism. Maybe, I thought,

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de Beauvoir: Education is a different matter. One can have an education in order to have the instrument, but refuse to use it in order to be amongst the "elite" of a society we reject. Many of us think, and I do, too, that if society is to be changed, it must be done not from the top, but from the bottom.

Friedan: We are writers; so we can achieve some higher post in society by writing critically about the society. Your position gives you the voice and the ability to influence millions. Would we be serving the cause of women if we did not use this power in ourselves?

de Beauvoir: Because of the way I was brought up, and because of the situation in my time—there was no feminism—the idea was for women to be the equal of men! But there are so many women now who are so profoundly feminist they refuse to be the equal of men. They don't think that the aim is to acquire a name or a place in this society, but to fight and destroy it. For example, there is a general refusal of what is called the "star system." These feminists don't sign their articles in the feminist newspapers; it's a collective system and no one signs. They refuse the idea of competition, masculine glory, ambition, and fame.

Friedan: Are you no longer going to write books under your own by-line?

de Beauvoir: No, of course not, because I was formed differently. I began under a different system, and what I have achieved I am going to use. But I understand and sympathize with those who don't sign their names.

(*Continued on next page.*)

Simone de Beauvoir could give us the authority we need.

It didn't quite work out that way.

I made the trip to Paris, meeting her with two interpreters—one French, one English—in her salon.

It was furnished in well-worn, self-conscious Bohemian elegance—Oriental tapestries, porcelain cats, shawls, statues, pillows, pictures—memorabilia of her travels, with Sartre, all over the world. She looked more proper, correct, Establishment, than I had imagined, somehow more prim. My mind's image of her must still be that of the young girl, leaping over the Parisian rooftops with Sartre—as she portrays herself in the early autobiographical chapters of *Prime of Life*, which I had relished. And still I felt the thrill of meeting a cultural hero in person—an intellectual heroine of our history. And after the gracious beginning, she offered, almost cursorily, the authority I thought I had come to find. But the authority with which she spoke about women seemed sterile, cold, an abstraction that had too little relationship to the real lives of all the women struggling now in France and in America for new directions. I felt almost like a fool, struggling with those mundane questions that real women have to confront in their personal lives and in movement strategy. Those questions did not seem to interest her at all. Somehow she did not seem to identify with ordinary women, trying to make something new of their own lives or to feel at all involved with their everyday problems, as they leave behind the old guideposts. And yet, she uttered the fashionable radical phrases, repudiating "elitism," elevating the anonymous "working-class" woman in the abstract.

She proclaimed it quite irrelevant for women to break through sex discrimination to get better jobs or advance in professions or achieve posts of leadership. One must simply destroy the system. But how then, I ask, are women to eat—how are they to get the technological skills, the expertise even to have a voice in changing the system? They do not have to have *good* jobs in order to eat, she says of other women. But she herself has lived a life of exceptionally good jobs and has risen to eminence in a respected profession. Other women should not seek fame or even by-lines on their own articles, she says, though she herself will continue to write, of course, under her own famous name and enjoy the royalties and the influence it has earned. The comforts of the family, the decoration of one's own home, fashion, marriage, motherhood—all these are women's enemy, she says. It is not even a question of giving women a choice—anything that encourages them to want to be mothers or gives them that choice is wrong. The family must be abolished, she says with absolute authority. How then will we perpetuate the human race? There are too many people already, she says. Am I supposed to take this seriously?

It doesn't seem to have much to do with the lives of real women, somehow. Or even the reality of herself, Simone de Beauvoir, in this salon that is decorated with personal style, full of cherished objects. She is absent-minded, perfunctory, as if her mind were somewhere else, far from these problems of women. I have been told that Sartre is ill and that she will give me only an hour because she must go to the hospital to be with him. Well, I can respect the reality of such a bond. But when one has lived a whole life in such dependence upon a man as she has—and, by flaunting the absence of legal sanction, made a stronger bond than others do in ordinary marriage—how can she then advocate for other women the renunciation of the very need to love and be loved by a man, the security and beauty of a home, or the possibility of wanting to give birth to a child? Or does she still fight her own unexpressed dependence by urging other women to be more independent than men?

AND THEN I RECOGNIZED the authoritarian overtones of that supposedly Maoist party line I've heard before from sophomoric, self-styled radical feminists in America. I have been told that Sartre has been embracing the Maoist approach in French politics, with de Beauvoir following him, as she did once, to existentialism . . . Possibly the existential authority I was seeking from Simone de Beauvoir, my tutor in existentialism, she no longer seeks in the reality of her own experience, much less that of other women.

No matter. I wish her well. She started me out on a road I'll keep moving on, even though it's rough going when no one has a sure map to follow. I suppose now that all of us must simply keep moving on it, trusting ourselves, our own experience, our own questions. There are no gods, no goddesses, no outside authorities, however radical their credentials, or even authorities we create ourselves from childish need, that we can follow blindly, on this road. We need no other authority; we can trust no other authority than our own personal truth. The only test of our movement is whether it opens real life to real women—to ourselves. □

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(*Continued from page 17.*)

Friedan: I think that it would eliminate the "star system" if there were a thousand Simone de Beauvoirs and a thousand Betty Friedans. If *we*, who are known, tell the others to stay nameless, that doesn't eliminate the star system.

de Beauvoir: I'd be sorry if there were a thousand Simone de Beauvoirs. What I mean is that the basic work women should be doing is not each one trying on her own to make a name for herself.

Friedan: In the Women's Movement, in the student movement, and, I think, even in the black movement, the argument of elitism has been used to get rid of democratic structure and effective leadership, to manipulate and prevent effective action. This doesn't remove power; it just makes manipulating power easier when there is no structure of clear, responsible leadership. That was the way that the student movement was ruined.

de Beauvoir: I think that in France the Women's Movement is much more spontaneous and very real, very fundamental, on the part of all the young women who try to live their state of being women differently. Naturally, there are inconveniences in having no structure or hierarchy; it can lead to dispersion and hinder unity of action. But to refuse bureaucracy and hierarchy has the advantage of trying to make each human being a *whole* human and breaks down the masculine idea of the little bosses.

Friedan: I don't want women manipulated by male power machines or co-opted by female imitators, either. A guerrilla army is harder to take over. You need the maximum amount of autonomy for local groups with just enough national structure to be able to take massive actions that have an effect on the whole country.

de Beauvoir: That is what we did with abortion. We managed to mobilize Paris, the provinces—all over. But that is an issue which interests all classes of society. All women—peasants, workers, as well as the *bourgeoises*—are concerned about the abortion issue. But there are issues around which it is much harder to unite everyone. For example, the question of housework, which I consider very important for feminists. Housework takes up so much time, is non-salaried, and is exploitation by men of women. Well, on that subject, you will get an echo from the *petites bourgeoises*, certainly from the intellectuals, and perhaps from working women. But from the non-employed wives of workers, there will be no support; it is their reason for being. That is going to create a great division among women.

Friedan: I have been putting together an Economic Think Tank for Women, and one of the questions is how to put a minimum wage value on housework. This could be recognized for social security, for pensions, and in the division of property if there is a divorce. Surely the poor and middle-class housewife would identify with that.

de Beauvoir: There I don't agree at all. It makes for segregation; it puts the woman in the house even more. I and my friends in the MLF don't agree with that at all. It's keeping to the idea of women at home, and I'm very much against it.

Friedan: But don't you think that as long as women are going to do work in the home, especially when there are little children, the work should be valued at something?

de Beauvoir: Why women? That's the question! Should one consider that the women are doomed to stay at home?

Friedan: I don't think they should have to. The children should be the equal responsibility of both parents—and of society—but today a great many women have worked only in the home when their children were growing up, and this work has *not been valued* at even the minimum wage for purposes of social security, pensions, and division of property. There could be a voucher system which a woman who chooses to continue her profession or her education and have little children could use to pay for child care. But if she chooses to take care of her own children full time, she would earn the money herself.

de Beauvoir: No, we don't believe that any woman should have this choice. No woman should be authorized to stay at home to raise her children. Society should be totally different. Women should not have that choice, precisely because if there is such a choice, too many women will make that one. It is a way of forcing women in a certain direction.

Friedan: I follow the argument, but politically at the moment I don't agree with it. The fact is, we have hardly any child-care centers in the United States. We're fighting for them, but there is such a tradition of individual freedom in America that I would never say that every woman must put her child in a child-care center.

de Beauvoir: But that's not how we see

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de Beauvoir: ". . . as long as the family and the myth of the family and the myth of maternity and the maternal instinct have not been destroyed, women will still be oppressed."

it. We see it as part of a global reform of society which would not accept that old segregation between man and woman, the home and the outside world. We think that every individual, woman as well as man, should work outside and have the possibility, either by communal living, collectives, or another way of organizing the family, of solving the problem of child care. Not keep the same system of crèches, but change the system so that the choices that are available are different. Something along these lines is being tried in China. For example, on a certain day everyone in the community—men, women, and children, as far as they are capable—come together to do all the washing or darning of socks. It wouldn't be your husband's socks; it would be all the socks, and the husbands would darn them, too. Encouraging women to stay at home will not change society.

Friedan: I would tend to think more in terms of a pluralistic situation of real options. I think that the sense of individual family and the values of motherhood are so strong in people that I don't see any viable or even valuable political attempt to wipe them out. If people should choose a communal life-style such as you spoke of, that possibility should be open to them. But I would like to see the creation of new institutions in society so that men and women who choose a nuclear-family life-style can be liberated from the rigid sex roles we have been locked into in the matters of housework, child care, and so on. And those who wish to continue in the conventional roles should have that option. The problem has been no other options.

de Beauvoir: In my opinion, as long as the family and the myth of the family and the myth of maternity and the maternal instinct are not destroyed, women will still be oppressed.

Friedan: Now, here I think we do disagree. I think that maternity is more than a myth, although there has been a kind of false sanctity attached to it.

de Beauvoir: As soon as a girl is born, she is given the vocation of motherhood because society really wants her washing dishes, which is not really a vocation. In order to get her to wash the dishes, she is given the vocation of maternity. The maternal instinct is built up in a little girl by the way she is made to play and so on. As long as this is not destroyed, she will have won nothing. In my opinion, the abortion campaigns as such are nothing except that they are useful in destroying the idea of woman as a reproduction machine.

Friedan: You do believe, then, that women should not be mothers?

de Beauvoir: No, I'm not saying that, but since you're talking about choice, a girl should not be conditioned from her childhood to want to be a mother. I don't say either that men should not be fathers, but I do think it should be a choice and not a result of conditioning.

Friedan: I believe with you that it should be a choice and that women should have the choice when to have children if they decide to do so. We are trying to change society so that women, who do happen to be the people who give birth, can be full people in society. A whole new approach to child-rearing needs to be created—not just mother, but mother, father, society as a whole, the communal situation, if you wish, and the child-care center and so on. Then, I think many women may more joyously and responsibly wish to have children. I think that motherhood is a good value in life. I found it so; I think many women have . . .

de Beauvoir: Why tie up maternity with housework? In this way, housework is encouraged by a sort of token—motherhood. No, we do not agree, because you express the idea of remunerating housework, while I think that women should be freed from housework. At what age do you give a girl the choice? If she is conditioned from birth to think that she *should* have children, when she is 20 she no longer has a choice.

Friedan: She should have other choices, but don't eliminate that as a possible choice. When you got your Ph.D., you were a very exceptional woman; you were the only woman in an intellectual circle. Now society is a little different. Is it possible that in your generation, motherhood was seen so strongly as something that would prevent a woman from really using her abilities in society that it seemed necessary to make a choice between one thing or the other?

de Beauvoir: I thought I couldn't have children because I wanted to write. But we are getting away from the subject. I think that if housework is paid, it is a way of accepting segregation and the structure which, through maternity, condemns women to housework. I am totally against this.

Friedan: You would not put any value on the work women have been doing?

de Beauvoir: I think that the value is such that it should be shared by the men—by everyone—and that women should not be forced to do it.

Friedan: There I agree . . .

de Beauvoir: Then it must not be specially paid. Society should be organized in such a way that this work is done as a community thing—as a public service, perhaps. A Chinese man said, "I clean my own teeth; I don't ask my wife to do it." Mending socks should be the same thing; there should not be a special sector for housework—that is what I consider scandalous. There could be laundry centers that would do the washing for a whole building. We are moving more and more toward that sort of specialized division of labor.

Friedan: Are we talking about society today or about some remote future? In some of the Communist countries, instead of restructuring jobs to take maternity into account, it has been decided to pay the women to stay at home and pay the men more to keep the women at home. I think this is a reactionary move. But that's not the same as women in America, now, who have been at home for 10 and 20 years, having the right to Social Security and retirement pensions, for example. Some value should be put on the work they have been doing.

(Continued on page 56.)

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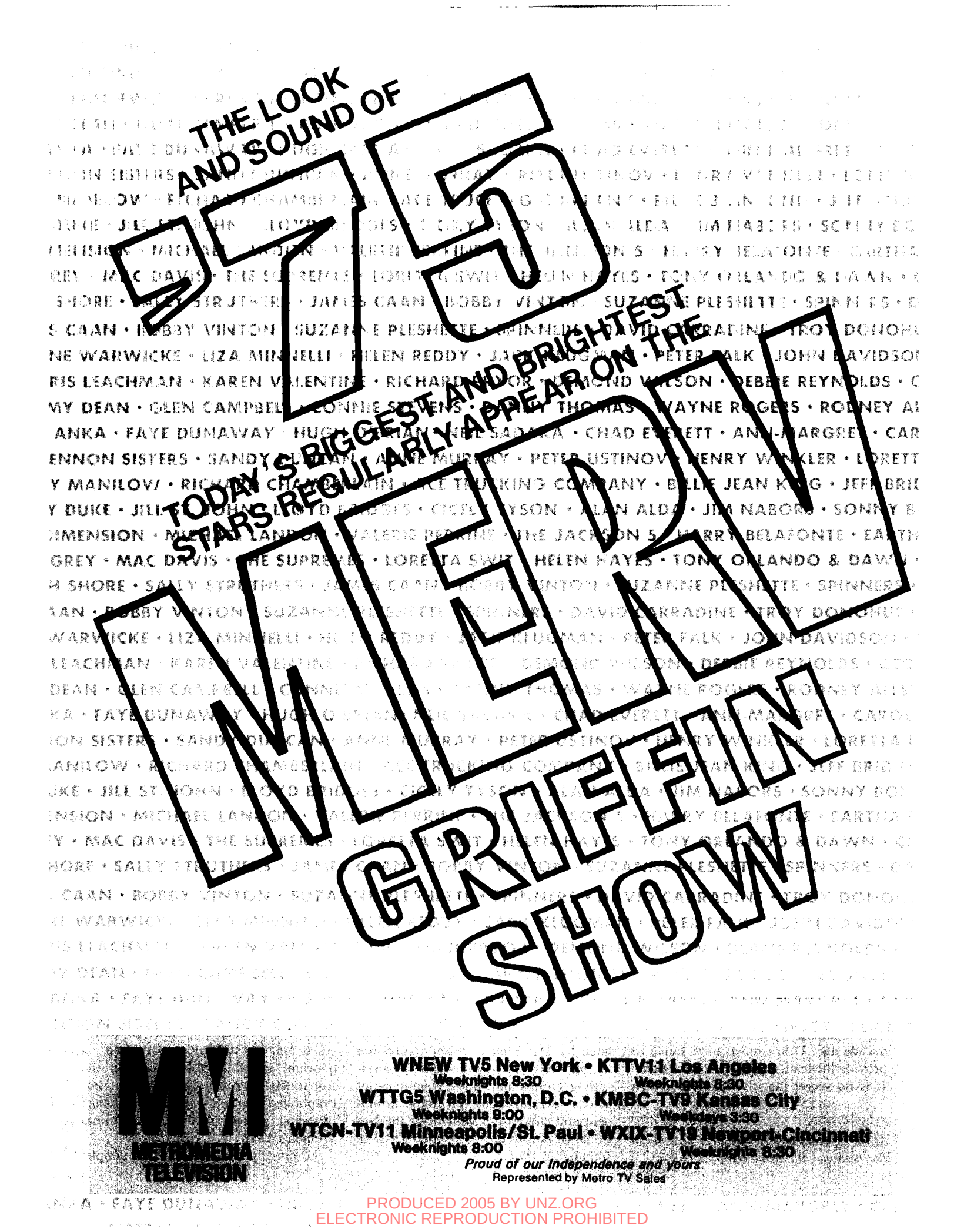
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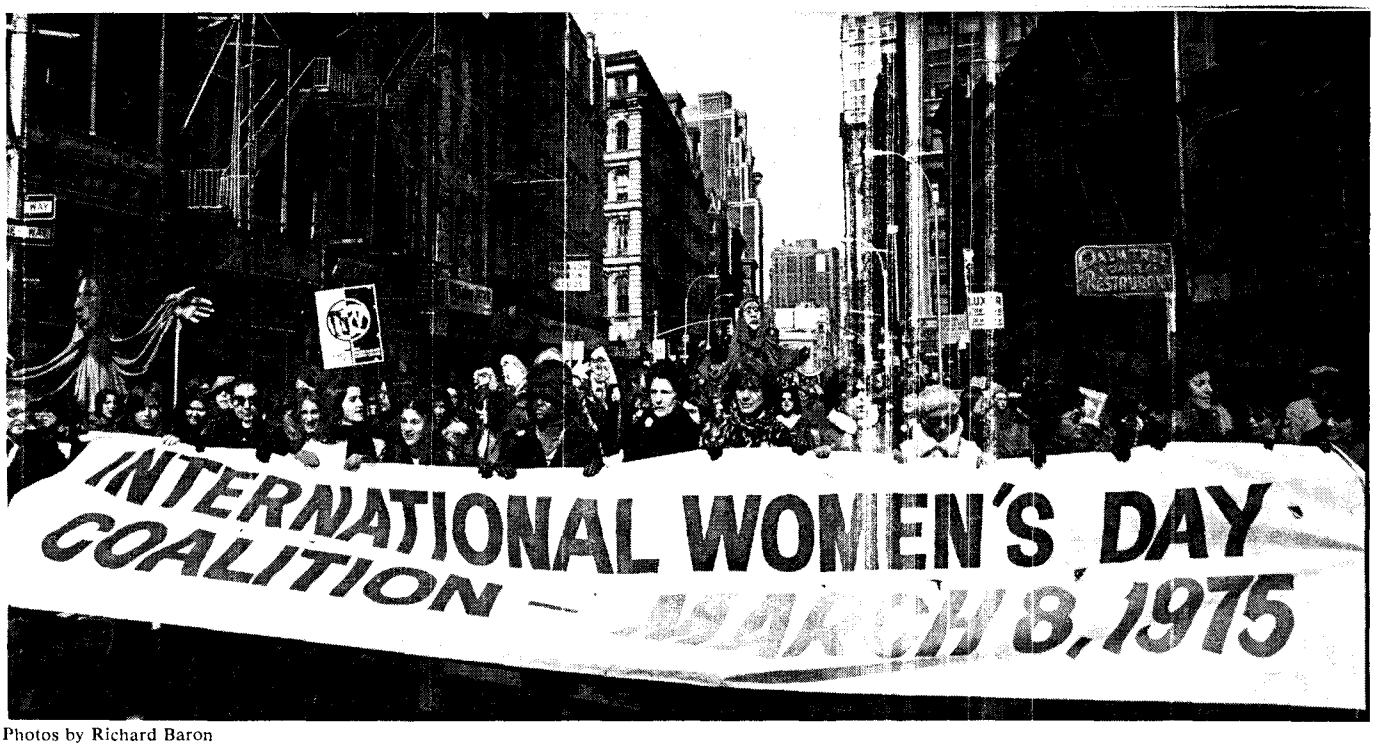

Photos by Richard Baron

Women's Day in New York—"How did a revolution that mobilized thousands of women on August 26, 1970, the fiftieth anniversary of women's suffrage, dwindle to the point where many NOW chapters have difficulty gathering a quorum?"

International Women's Year: Fact and Fantasy

Can the faltering feminist movement regain its old momentum and magic? An upcoming U.N. conference may give some answers to that tricky question.

by Merle S. Goldberg

A surprise may be waiting for the thousands of unofficial delegates who attend this month's U.N.-sponsored International Women's Year Conference in Mexico City.

The conference will ostensibly deal with the cause of feminism and with the triple theme of peace, equality, and economic development. However, these themes may well prove to be merely the tip of a gigantic iceberg whose steady expansion is affecting, even paralyzing, the nations and organizations represented at the coming conference.

For American women, in particular, this meeting may be traumatic. Credited with initiating the feminist movement a decade ago, U.S. women have failed to provide the leadership expected of them. It is no secret that the U.S. movement has been leaderless and has begun to decline since the 1973 U.S. Supreme Court ruling liberalizing abortion. Like the women's suffrage victory of 1920, the abortion ruling, ironically, dissipated a major unifying force among women.

IN ORDER FOR US to understand the present ineffectiveness of the movement, a candid reappraisal of recent history may be helpful. It was less than two decades ago that Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* provided the shock of recognition for a small, isolated generation of college women. That same shock was re-created for many middle-class women of the United States a decade later by Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*. Almost immediately, the smoldering rage so effectively articulated by Ms. Friedan found expression in hundreds of small consciousness-raising groups and in the emergence of activist organizations, the most prominent and effective of which was the National Organization for Women (NOW), founded in 1966.

Later came the rallying cry, "I am Woman; I am invincible." It became an instant anthem. But slowly, almost imperceptibly, one couldn't help wondering whether perhaps "the lady doth protest too much . . ." The media looked upon many attention-getting activities as a kind of malevolent entertainment. The legitimate message of street theater was most often overshadowed by hyperbole and unmitigated hostility. Thousands of responsible feminists, working quietly to improve the status of women, divorced themselves from the sloganeers and headline-seekers.

How did a revolution that mobilized thousands of women on August 26, 1970, the fiftieth anniversary of women's suffrage, dwindle to the point where many NOW chapters, some in major cities, have difficulty gathering a quorum? Hope for the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment has all but evaporated; certainly it has no chance of being passed in this International Women's Year.

Admittedly, the issues are not simple.

Merle S. Goldberg is executive director of the National Women's Health Coalition.

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The universal acceptance of women as equals, entitled to freedom of choice and opportunity, is an objective that was intrinsic to the 1948 U.N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights. But the implementation of these principles is the most challenging social experiment in recorded history. And the movement is not helped by simplistic diatribes against the "system."

The three blind men who described an elephant according to the part of the elephant each could feel were, at least, accurately depicting the narrow reality within their grasp. The international Women's Movement, in contrast, is infinitely more complicated and almost impossible to grasp. Not only does it vary from culture to culture and from individual to individual; it is also influenced by the vicissitudes of various economic and political interactions.

THE DIVERSITY of the 2 billion women in the countless interrelated subcultures of this world has not discouraged those who are myopic from describing the entire movement according to their own narrow experience.

In the United States, almost anything authored by a woman seemed, until recently, to find an audience. The image of feminism, predictably distorted by the mass media, was further damaged by the feminist newspapers, the majority of which have developed their own provincial style of cathartic journalism.

Their copy rules are inviolable. Man is the enemy. All men are liars. All women are truthful. All government agencies are conspirators in a secret plan to oppress women and enforce genocidal birth control on "our Third World sisters." The United Nations, possibly the most promising agent of change available, is described as a hypocritical, multinational bureaucracy, because its executive echelon is, for the most part, male. The International Women's Year Conference, one is told, should be boycotted, because it is allowing men to participate.

But the most notable contribution of the feminist press, the one that will earn it a dubious place in future doctoral dissertations, is its unabashed willingness to rewrite history in order to support current feminist positions. Anecdotes are equated with facts, and ideology is confused with personal identity. Is a woman who rejects any sense of identity she receives from a heterosexual relationship somehow less exploited if she accepts the collective identity bestowed on her by a woman's group? And are the secret rituals and restricted membership an adequate alternative to personal growth? Many consciousness-raising groups have forgotten that they were intended to be a means to an end rather than an end unto themselves. Freedom from male dominance is meaningless if it is replaced only by a subservience to "sisterhood."

Equal pay for equal work and the elimination of sexual stereotypes are not issues that elicit open opposition. Thus, without the mobilizing power of the abortion controversy, everything that could go wrong with a revolutionary movement began to plague the U.S. feminists. Most of those who had waited in vain for the leadership which never came finally realized that Wonder Woman would not save them, and neither would the feminist superstars.

In the past few years, the movement has become factionalized beyond recognition. Typically, the lack of leadership has only served to encourage those desperate for power and fame to proclaim their own sovereignty. Women who demonstrated for free health care have become abortion entrepreneurs, unashamedly charging higher fees than the detested Establishment. With their newly found arrogance, they did not hesitate to undertake the education of their Third World sisters, and then complained that they were unappreciated because women from poor countries rejected their notion of freedom and equality.

WESTERN WOMEN do not seem to understand that one woman's sexual stereotype may be another's sense of security, a traditional role that provides identity, continuity—even survival. Equal pay for equal work has little appeal in areas where there is no work for anyone and children are dying of malnutrition.

At one recent overseas conference, an American urged her Third World sisters to demand control over their own bodies and to so inform their doctors—a somewhat inappropriate task in a country, like India or Bangladesh, where the doctor-patient ratio is 1 to 10,000, and where one is lucky to get a single medical visit in the course of a lifetime. It is small wonder that we have inspired so little trust in women from developing nations.

Where do women want to go, and how can they get there? What are the priorities in a world where 700 million people,

On the march for the movement—"The legitimate message of street theater was most often overshadowed by hyperbole and unmitigated hostility."

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mostly women, do not know how to read or write, where 500 million children in 60 countries are threatened with starvation, and where millions of women are forced to bear children they do not want?

This chasm of mutual incomprehension becomes ever wider when the subject is family planning. Many Third World women live under national leaders who insist that "my people" don't want birth control. In these countries there is usually a thriving market in birth-control solutions and devices, whose value is highly questionable.

It is thus presumptuous for U.S. women to try to educate feminists from any country without their specific request. It is far more likely that those who have been raised in a consumer society can learn from those who have taught themselves to survive by wasting nothing.

AFTER YEARS during which they were exploited by male employers, misled by the media, manipulated by men, and cheated by doctors, some American women have, by sheer force of their collective idealism, become emancipated. They can now look forward to being exploited by their sisters, misled by their own publications, manipulated by their self-styled leaders, and cheated by "health collectives." Is this really what it's all about? Is this what they are fighting for?

The starting point for change can be the admission by U.S. feminists that the new myths have no more validity than the ones they displaced. There is no magic spiritual bond that unites all women in a crusade for justice. Sisterhood *is* beautiful, but it's no substitute for authentic personhood. Any group that encourages its members to put blind group loyalty above personal integrity is repressive, and repression is supposedly what feminists are rejecting.

Perhaps the most disturbing myth of all is that feminism is *solely* a women's issue. In reality, there are often more men than women supporting feminist objectives. The failures of the American movement can be directly related to the exclusion of men. If there is an embarrassingly obvious lesson of the past 10 years, it is that man is every bit the victim that woman is. The use of scapegoats demeans, and there is truth in the axiom, "Once we accept ourselves, we are comfortable accepting and being accepted by others."

The International Women's Year Conference is not going to solve these problems, but it will provide the opportunity for those concerned with social justice to exchange ideas, learn from each other, confront differences, and seek ways to implement principles that have been endorsed by the General Assembly.

Twelve years ago the United Nations, through its Commission on the Status of Women, began drafting its declaration on the elimination of discrimination against women. The final text was adopted on November 7, 1967.

The 43 principles outlined in this sociopolitical blueprint have since been replicated by thousands of women's groups throughout the world, most of which were doubtless unaware of the subtle but significant influence of the United Nations in creating the social climate that made their formation possible. One issue that may serve to open the channels of communication at the conference is the declaration's affirmation of the right of every woman to control her own body. It is the task of international feminism to close the gaps between such principles expounded and the political realities of each nation. □

The real tragedy of drug abuse is that not enough is being done about it.

Sure, millions of dollars are being spent by a lot of government and private agencies.

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Particularly in the area of education. People need to know more about drug use and misuse. People need to be able to separate real problems from assumed ones. People need to have a better understanding of how and why irresponsible drug use can harm not just the life of the user and his family, but affect the whole community as well.

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*Library of Congress Cat. #73-87616, Weinberg & Williams; Kinsey, Pomeroy, Martin, Gebhard, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male/Female;* write for additional references.

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Men's Words; Women's Roles

by Dan Lacy

For generations textbooks and readers and children's books used in our schools have depicted girls as passive observers, boys as bold achievers. Boys have been shown playing baseball or football while girls watched admiringly, hands clasped behind their backs. Girls were easily frightened; brave boys saved them from danger. Boys made rockets and peered through microscopes; girls played with their dolls and teacups. Boys have been portrayed as tousled and dirty from boisterous contact with life; girls as starched and pinafored, made of sugar and spice and everything nice.

Thus the schools, through their textbooks and teachings, have been giving official sanction to the subordinate roles that society imposed on women in real life. Girls themselves were being conditioned to accept this circumscribed view of their future, just as their mothers before them had done. And the same societal attitudes and expectations were reflected in the magazines, newspapers, and supplementary books that children read on their own. Stereotyping imposes an arbitrary limit on what a girl (or, for that matter, a boy) may aspire to, and those who oppose such limitations believe that reform might well begin in school reading materials and in the sex roles they portray.

Some publishers have begun to tackle the problem of sex-role stereotypes by drawing up guidelines for authors and editors of educational and reference books and of children's books designed for school use. Perhaps the most comprehensive of the guidelines, and certainly the most publicized, has been the set issued by McGraw-Hill.

In many ways the "Guidelines for Equal Treatment of the Sexes in McGraw-Hill Book Company Publications" parallels an earlier set of guidelines that sought to eliminate racial and ethnic stereotypes. The problems were similar; black children, too, had been continually exposed to books, magazines, and films that depicted blacks only as laborers, porters, janitors, and servants, often portraying them as shiftless, Stepin Fetchit–like objects of ridicule. Here, again, the schools and the educational materials used were preparing certain children for the subordinate roles that society would expect them to play in later life. Textbooks in the past also tended to use only Anglo-Saxon names in stories and examples, thus excluding children who belonged to other ethnic groups.

The anti-sexist guidelines aim at two sorts of problems. One is the way girls and women are portrayed, especially in relation to boys and men. The guidelines recommend that women be shown in the whole range of occupations to which young people may aspire, such as doctors, lawyers, executives, professors, public officials, police officers—not always as nurses, teachers, homemakers, secretaries, maids, and salesclerks. The point is also made that girls should not be characterized as emotional or scatterbrained dependents but that, like boys, they should be shown as bold, self-possessed human beings, who also achieve success through hard work, logic, and common sense. Situations in which women supervise the work of men are to be shown as normal and acceptable, but demeaning adjectives and timeworn clichés (such as "typical feminine logic," "weaker sex," and "buxom blonde") are to be avoided. Parallel treatment of men and women is urged. It is undesirable, for example, to say: "Henry Harris is a shrewd lawyer, and his wife Ann is a striking brunette"—suggesting that Henry is important because he is competent and can do things; Ann, only because she is pretty. It would be fairer to say: "The Harrises are an attractive couple. Henry is a handsome blond, and Ann is a striking brunette." Or: "The Harrises are an interesting couple. Henry is a shrewd lawyer, and Ann is very active in community affairs."

Boys as well as girls, if in somewhat different ways, suffer from stereotypes. Fear and indecision are "unmanly"; an interest in music or ballet may be "sissy"; tenderness and compassion are not "masculine" virtues; men don't cry. Whole areas of interest, many occupations, even a whole side of emotional life, may be blocked off for boys and men by such assumptions. The guidelines urge an avoidance of many typical male stereotypes as well.

A retired colonel called to denounce McGraw-Hill for imperiling the national security by contributing to the rearing of a generation of young men who would be as useless to the Army as he thought WACs were. But with the exception of an occasional response of this nature, there has been little dispute about the guidelines' sex-role recommendations. Almost everyone whose attention is called to the way girls and women have been traditionally portrayed will recognize its injustice. And the elimination of this sort of stereotyping is not difficult to achieve once an author or editor is aware of it.

In many ways it is more difficult to deal with the other major problem to which the guidelines are addressed: the sexist prejudices built into our language itself. The English tongue was shaped over the centuries in a society in which women were distinctly subordinate. The language reflects the social history in many ways.

Masculine terms are used as though they embrace every human—or every human worth mentioning: "Early *man* discovered the use of stone tools near the beginning of the Ice Age." "Someday *man* will discover a cure for cancer." "It is the duty of the chair*man* of a committee to maintain order." "The invention of printing was a great moment in the history of *man*kind." "All congress*men* face a problem in raising funds for re-elections."

On the other hand (though less frequently now than a generation ago), terms neutral in form are assumed to apply only to men, so that a woman who has achieved a particular status has to be given a special term: "poetess,"

(Continued on page 57.)

Senior vice-president of McGraw-Hill, Inc., Dan Lacy is the author of numerous books, including the text of the forthcoming Grosset and Dunlap publication Birth of America.

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Free Lance Photographers Guild

Primitive tribe—"An age when hunting was done by males and the gathering of vegetables and small animal food by females."

Needed: Full Partnership for Women

by Margaret Mead

The contemporary Women's Movement has been almost completely a movement of educated, middle-class women rebelling against lives in which their sole function, week after week, year after year, has been the maintenance of households from which husbands have left for work and children for school and marriage. International Women's Year, and especially the more self-conscious inclusion of women and women's concerns in the U.N. conferences on Population and Food and Hunger, has changed this culture-bound myopic emphasis and given us a wider view of what women are doing and rebelling against today. The picture that emerges is neither one of oppression—although most women and men have been oppressed since the beginning of civilization—nor of uniformity of second-class citizenship. Rather, what has become evident is the close relationship between the overall life-style of a society—the way food is produced and human beings are cared for—and the values that the society pursues.

Anthropologist Margaret Mead is curator emeritus of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History.

After the age when hunting was done by males and the gathering of vegetables and small animal food by females—always with close cooperation between men and women—the discovery of planting and herding and then of the animal-drawn plow assured a steadier food supply, which underwrote male enterprises: conquest, the building of cities, trade, and the stratification of society. But woman's role continued to be circumscribed by childbearing; whatever a woman did she had to do near home. As men separated out political and economic roles, they left women behind except as companions of the eminent and mothers and household managers. Not until the Industrial Revolution were women cast adrift from the protection and formal supervision of men. And not until the medical revolution, with its lowering of infant mortality and the resulting population explosion, was it possible for society seriously to consider basing the sexual division of labor on considerations other than the production and daily subsistence of the next generation.

Today, the discussions that bring women together from every level of technical development all over the world reveal what women—and the world—have lost. Increasingly centralized, industrialized planning and production steadily reduce women to choosing between the role of housekeeper with mild supplementary activities—in the performance of which she is unprotected and ill paid in the marketplace—or that of educated, but subordinate and unmarried competitor in all the other spheres of life. In the villages, where most of the women of the world still work, contributing their full share to decision making, whether they speak from behind veils or not, women are full partners in local affairs. But as social life has become ever more complicated and decision making is ever further removed from the lives of the people who must live with the decisions made half a world away, woman's role has shrunk, until among the educated, middle-class women of the post-industrial world, it has been reduced to dishwashing and consumerism.

As decision making reached higher levels, half the harvests of the world were bought and sold in political and financial deals which ignored the fact that food was grown to be eaten. Rebellion against the distance between producer and user, planner and planned for, became reinterpreted as a revolt against the exclusion of women as such. Similarly, today's vast war machines, which consume our substance and threaten all life, are visualized, as they were in the earlier feminist movements, as being so inimical to human life that women—the

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official and historical cherishers of human life—would prevent war if they had the power to do so.

The women who speak may be primitive women who begin to express dissatisfaction with their lot, having sent their sons away to school while their daughters remain uneducated and bound to daily toil. Or they may be suburban women of narrow horizons, bound by an endless round of providing for others through a proliferation of energy-consuming, resource-depleting "labor-saving devices." In both cases, comparison with the life they are living and the life they could be living has bred discontent and a desire for radical change. And this change, which endangers the status quo, causes anxiety in all of those who are not stirred by the prospect of women being freed from lifelong childbearing, freed to use their minds in all the diverse activities of the modern world, freed to contribute as individuals and not only as the mothers of the next generation, freed to act at every level, from the village to the great political decision-making centers of the world.

WOMEN'S ROLES have always been more tightly bound than men's to parenthood, more limited by conceptions of reproduction as mysterious, ritually impure, restricting the development of either mind or soul. As a result, women's rebellion against the simple maintenance role that has been their lot is more vivid than men's. Since the beginning of social life, the performance of men's activities, however tedious, dangerous, or humdrum, has been associated with ideas of achievement that both men and women have often mistaken for innate superiority. If men are conscripted and sent to war without ever being consulted by the distant old men who control the corridors of power, they, too, have no more choice over their lives than women without contraceptives have for preventing an unwanted pregnancy.

In this moment of vision, people caught in one kind of life that they have never questioned are getting a glimpse of the way other peoples live; the current questioning of the status of women is part of the whole process of questioning a social order that no longer meets the newly aroused hopes of the people who live within it. The voices of women are combining with voices all over the world against a new worldwide system of political and economic exploitation of the land, the sea, and the air, and the endangered populations that depend upon them.

But there is a difference between women's voices and the voices of all the others who live meaningless lives within a world where they have no part in decisions made too far away. The revolts of the oppressed—slaves, serfs, peons, peasants, manual workers, white-collar workers—are part of the periodic attempts to correct social systems that are seen as exploitative and unfair. But this is the first time in history when the progress made in the control of disease and reproduction has offered to the female half of the population escape from a lifelong role that was defined for every one of them simply by gender. Having one or two children and rearing them together as parents who have chosen parenthood means for men and women—but most of all for women—permission to participate at every level in our highly complex society.

And it is not only women who gain—society gains. Where once half of the best minds were consumed in the performance of small domestic tasks, society can now draw on them. Where women's experiences—inevitably different from men's because women all had mothers with whom they could identify—have been fenced off from contributing to the high-level planning of the world, they can now be used in the attack on such problems as chaotic abuse of food, resources, human settlements, and the total environment. When women are once more able to participate in decisions and are free to be persons as well as parents, they should be able to contribute basic understandings that are presently lacking in the world. These basic new understandings include the fact that food is meant to be used to feed human beings, not to serve as a weapon or commodity; that towns were meant for generations to live in together, not only as barracks or bedrooms; that education can be used to make life meaningful; that we do live in a world community that is here but is unrecognized, in all its interdependence and need for shared responsibility. □

"I have my bachelor's and my master's and my Ph.D.—but my parents abandoned me before I could complete my second doctorate."

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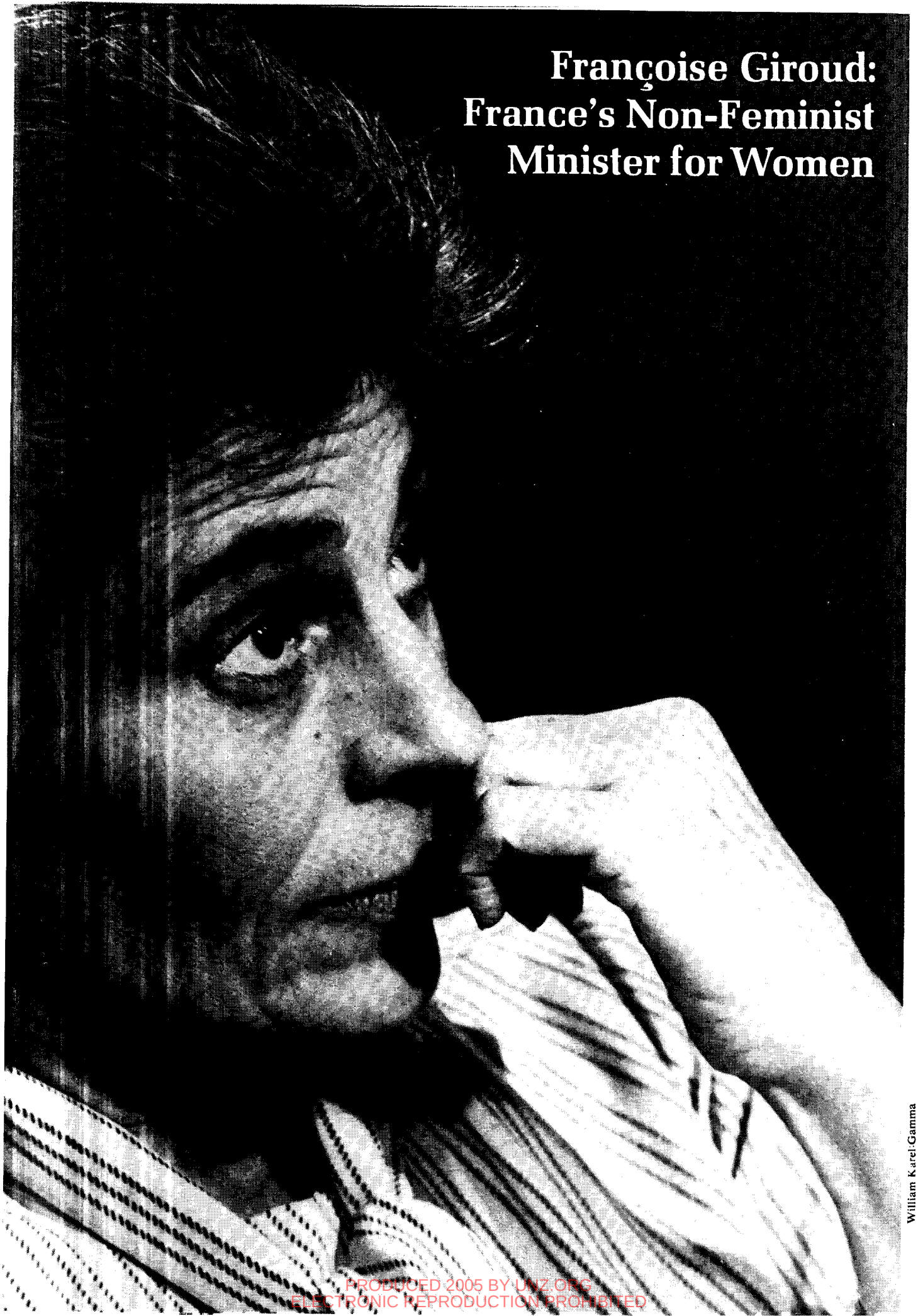
Françoise Giroud: France's Non-Feminist Minister for Women



William Karel-Gamma

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A cross between Katharine Graham and Barbara Walters, the 59-year-old Giroud strongly supports women's rights—her goal is no less than total transformation of France's woman-patronizing culture.

by Lucy Komisar

Somebody once asked Charles de Gaulle how he felt about setting up a Ministry for Women. De Gaulle replied cuttingly, "With, perhaps, an under secretary for knitting?"

But now *le grand Charles* is gone, and his beloved France has in the person of Françoise Giroud not only the country's first secretary of state for the condition of women but also one of the most visible and influential personalities in French life.

The new secretary is a slight, handsome woman of 59, with steel-gray, close-cropped hair and an Yves St. Laurent wardrobe. By no means a token appointee, she is orchestrating a program that is deadly serious about turning upside down the historically patriarchal, woman-patronizing culture of the French nation.

Françoise Giroud's public role is like nothing else the French have ever seen. It is as if a feminist who was a cross between Katharine Graham of the *Washington Post* and Barbara Walters of the "Today Show" had been asked to overhaul U.S. attitudes toward women—this feat to be brought off largely by the force and influence of her personality, with some help from a moderate Republican president out to win liberal votes without offending his conservative backers.

To compound the problem, Françoise Giroud is not even an avowed feminist. Though she speaks and writes against *le sexisme*, she once told Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post*, "I have no interest in 'women' as such. I can't stand this idea that there is a world plot by men to subjugate women. If it is true, and the men have succeeded, then women really are stupid."

Freelance journalist Lucy Komisar is the author of Down and Out in the U.S.A. *(a history of welfare) and, forthcoming,* The Machismo Factor.

Though she may not be a feminist in the formal sense, Mme. Giroud is emphatically in womankind's corner. Which is just as well, in view of the formidable obstacles her reform program faces. The laws that govern French family and sexual life are based on the Napoleonic Code, which includes the notion that "woman is given to man so that she can bear children. She is thus his property as the fruit tree belongs to the gardener."

In the last decade the worst of these time-kept patriarchal laws have been repealed—now wives can work without their husbands' consent, and husbands no longer have the legal right to make all family decisions. But too often the new, liberalized laws are in fact more symbolic than substantive. "Do you know," Giroud once asked a minister of finance, "that a husband signs a joint tax declaration for himself and his wife? Thus, he knows his wife's salary, but she may not know her husband's if he prefers to hide it from her." The minister, Giroud says, "looked at me, astonished, and said, 'That is odd; I never thought of that.' "

Françoise Giroud's fiery but uneven outlook on feminism is in part traceable to her own troubled life history. Though her manner is composed, aloof, and aristocratic, she vividly recalls teenage years spent in a tenement that looked out on a courtyard filled with scurrying rats. And her life since has been no bed of roses.

She was born in Geneva in 1916, the second daughter of a French mother and a successful Turkish journalist named Salih Gourdji. Her father had founded a political newspaper and had written books about politics and then fled Turkey during World War I. In France he was a journalist and served his adopted government on diplomatic assignments. Giroud recalls in a memoir, "At home they used to talk about him as a hero who had given his all for France—which was considered the least any well-bred soul could do for his country."

As a child living in Paris, she enjoyed the services of a cook, a maid, and an English governess. Then her father died, and the servants vanished, along with "one floor of the duplex, the jewelry, the silverware." Giroud says, "I watched the world of my childhood disintegrate."

However, her mother struggled to support the two daughters and keep the family together, pridefully rejecting offers to live with more comfortable relatives. She sold most of their possessions to send the girls to a boarding school outside Paris, and Giroud still remembers what it meant to be poor in such circumstances, with the tuition "always in arrears." She reacted by striving to be "first in everything, impertinently first! 'That brazen imp!' the headmistress used to say."

She was also determined to help her mother; and although she had dreamed of being a lawyer or a doctor, she left school at 14 to work at jobs that a girl with no professional training could get—secretary and salesclerk in a bookstore. One fortuitous day in the Thirties, Marc Allégret, a family friend, walked into that bookstore and saw her. Later, Allégret found her a beginner's job "backstage" at a movie studio. She worked for him, Jean Renoir, and other filmmakers, became France's first woman assistant director, and also wrote screen dialogue. During the war she was part of a Resistance network and was arrested and imprisoned from 1943 until just after the Allied landing in the summer of 1944. She holds the "Médaille de la Résistance."

During the war years, it should be noted, she also had a hapless love affair—of which, more later—and bore a son out of wedlock.

After the war Giroud became editor of the new women's magazine *Elle,* and in 1953 she founded *L'Express* with Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. During the magazine's first decade, it was a journal of leftist opinion, especially known for energetically denouncing the French colonialist war in Algeria. Then in 1963 the two editors turned *L'Express*

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"The fate of her reformist program may indicate just how much power women, and Giroud, have in a society whose laws rest on the foundation of the patriarchal Code Napoléon."

into a highly successful newsmagazine modeled on *Time*, and Giroud succeeded "J.-J. S.-S." as director in 1971. French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing appointed her to the new ministry post a year ago. She is on leave from *L'Express* while she is part of the government.

As she works in her suite at Paris's Hôtel de Castries, Secretary Giroud finds the question of abortion and family planning as central today as it was when she was plain Editor Giroud. At *L'Express* she "often printed lists of birth-control clinics, though it is against the law to do so." Though the Giscard government has slightly liberalized birth-control laws, 90 percent of French women still do not use contraceptives.

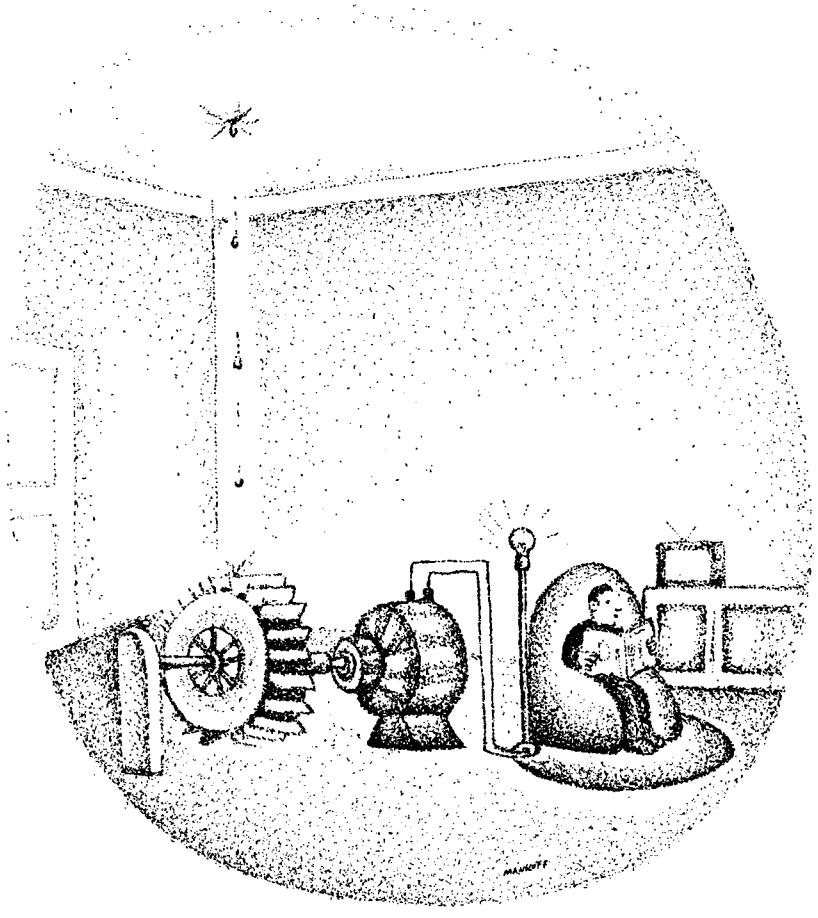
The issue of abortion is even more sticky. There are about 11 million women of childbearing age in France, and statistics on illegal abortions range from the government's guess that there are 1,000 a day to abortion-rights groups' claim that there may be as many as 1 million clandestine abortions every year. Even at half a million, that is an astonishing statistic of about 1 abortion for every 20 women.

Giroud's strong but somewhat ambivalent views on the subject became known in 1971, when 343 women, both celebrated and unknown, announced in *Le Nouvel Observateur* that they had had illegal abortions. Giroud was not among them. She explained, "I don't think it is agreeable to expose one's personal life." However, she added, "They were courageous to do it." It must be a deeply felt issue for her. During the war, when she was 23, she had become pregnant and had sought desperately to get an abortion. She recalls in her recently published memoir, *I Give You My Word*:

> Had the Germans arrived in Paris two weeks later, I would have been married. Instead . . . I wound up alone 300 miles from Paris in a tiny room . . . and pregnant. [For two months she tried to get an abortion. A cut in her hand had become infected, and she was] . . . shaking with fever. . . . I could not find a single doctor to listen to me. They were all scared to death. Some took it on themselves to insult me. To hear them talk, it was me, with my loose ways, who had lost the war. I tried everything. During the war there were hundreds of thousands of abortions performed under the most abominable conditions, which shattered the health of hundreds of thousands of women. Even those abominable methods failed me, and in 1941 I gave birth to a little boy, who was born with rickets because I was in such a frightful physical state myself.

She was also refused ration tickets for food, milk, and clothing because her child, Alain-Pierre Denis, had been born out of wedlock. Mother and son survived the ordeal, but he was killed in a skiing accident in 1972.

Recently, France's Chamber of Deputies, encouraged by polls that showed 70 to 80 percent of the population supporting the right to abortion, turned out to be more liberal on the abortion issue than Giroud or Giscard have shown themselves in this government. At the end of stormy, televised debates, the deputies voted 284 to 189 for a law that gives women unconditional right to abortion for pregnancies of as long as 10 weeks and the right after that in case of risk to the woman's life or the likelihood of a deformed child.



STILL, THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT will not pay for abortions as it does for other medical expenses under Social Security. Giroud has said that if the government does not pay for children's eyeglasses, orthopedic shoes, and false teeth, it is not fair to ask it to pay for abortions. Even her admirers find this curious logic.

Though Françoise Giroud agreed to support the Giscard government's minimal-reform proposal when there was actually wide sentiment for the more liberal abortion bill that finally passed, she is not about to become an instrument of the administration, a token, or window dressing—a *"femme alibi"* as she calls it. And she knows how to fight for what she wants. After Giscard d'Estaing had offered her the new post last year, Prime Minister Jacques Chirac phoned to say there had been a change: she would merely head a bureau, not a full secretariat, and her name would not be announced along with those of the other secretaries. In thus patronizing her, Chirac was reacting to pressures from his Gaullist Party against another Socialist in the government.

Piqued, Giroud refused to accept the

(Continued on page 57.)

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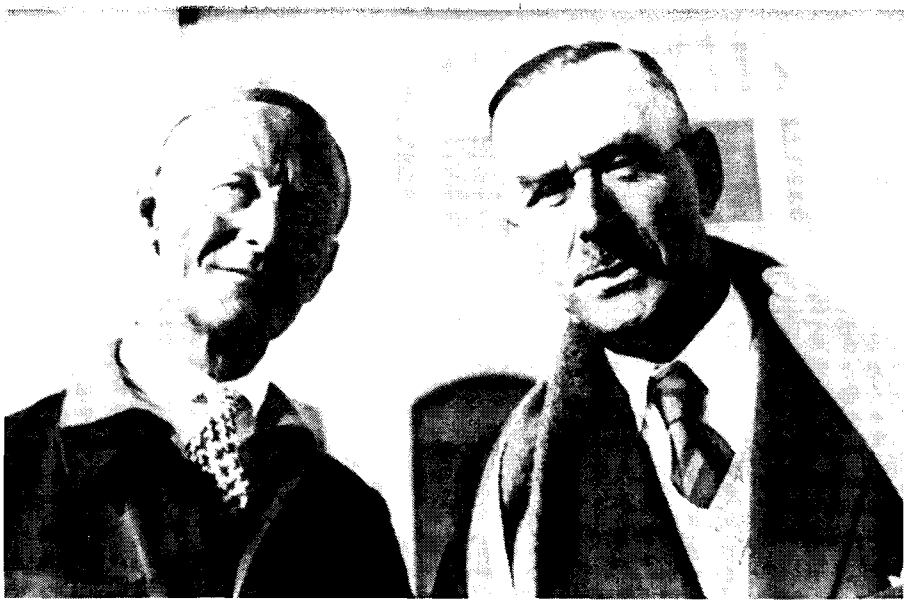
Traveling Companions



Hesse and Mann, St. Moritz, 1932—A 50-year correspondence that "must be ranked among the most significant literary exchanges of our century."

The Hesse-Mann Letters: The Correspondence of Hermann Hesse and Thomas Mann, 1910–1955
Edited by Anni Carlsson and Volker Michels
Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim
Harper and Row, 256 pp., $10

Reviewed by Harry Levin

The original German edition of this correspondence, which must be ranked among the most significant literary exchanges of our century, was published in 1968. Since then, 20 additional letters, filling in the gaps on Hesse's side, have come to light in the Mann Archives and will take their places in the augmented edition currently being published to celebrate the centennial of Mann's birth. Meanwhile these have been included among the rest in the present volume, along with fuller notes, some expressive photographs, and appended excerpts from related documents. Ralph Manheim can be counted upon, as usual, for a readable and reliable translation. Given two close contemporaries writing in the same language at a high level, the contrast in personalities could hardly have been more striking. And personality means style, of course. This comes through, even in the English version, where an illuminating foreword by Theodore Ziolkowski further highlights the complementarity of the relationship.

Professor Ziolkowski, who is favorably known for his critical study of Hesse, frames the process of comparison with an unavoidable allusion to "the Weimar Dioscuri," Goethe and Schiller. Mann regarded "the *imitatio Goethe*" as a constant model for the writer's career, and his revelatory essay on Goethe and Tolstoy was read by Hesse with particular sympathy. That essay makes its points through a double juxtaposition: if Goethe has his parallel in Tolstoy, then Schiller likewise has one in Dostoevsky. The Olympian Goethe, late in life and long after Schiller's premature death, had contrasted their respective roles in order to exemplify the distinction between classicism and romanticism—and, more broadly, between health and sickness. Mann would argue that disease conferred a special insight, and he would go on to write *The Magic Mountain*. Hesse expressed an affinity with the sickly Dostoevsky in his little book *A Glance Into Chaos*, which in turn provided inspiration for the apocalyptic vision of Eliot's "Waste Land."

There was no question as to who represented Goethe/Tolstoy, and who was the modern avatar of Schiller/Dostoevsky. The antithesis began with their backgrounds: Mann, the scion of that proud north-German merchant house he depicted in *Buddenbrooks*, versus Hesse, the descendant of Swabian peasants and pietistic missionaries. Mann was, with six children, very much of a *paterfamilias*; Hesse would be happily married only after two broken marriages and a Jungian psychoanalysis. Hesse looked continually eastward to India; Mann was moving westward, and would live for 14 years in America. Temperamentally, he was a skeptical rationalist, who became more and more of a public figure, whereas his counterpart was an intuitive mystic, increasingly reclusive. Hesse continued to be an active poet, grounded in romantic and expressionistic modes, whose fiction is described by Mann as "lyrical and idyllic." Mann's own fiction, inheriting from realism and naturalism, is epic in the Tolstoyan sense and dramatic in the Joycean.

But the polarity was not merely external in either case. Hesse peopled his world with opposite numbers: Demian and Emil Sinclair, Narcissus and Goldmund. Mann dramatized his intellectual conflicts through the artist-burgher ambivalence of Tonio Kröger or the grand dialectic of Naphta and Settembrini. He considered himself "a man of balance," as he wrote to Karl Kerényi, inclined to shift his weight to right or left according to the pressure of the waves. His mode was irony, "the pathos of the middle." Though he was seriously concerned with alienation, he was by nature a mandarin, who would have remained a cultural spokesman for the Weimar Establishment if it had not been so conclusively disestablished. Hesse, attracted by extremes, was innately an "outsider"; he uses that English word in *Steppenwolf*. He thought in terms of quests and conversions, monastic orders or utopian communes, but he shied away from society and from those cults that belatedly sought to turn him into a guru.

The friendship of some 50 years began in 1904, when the two were introduced by their publisher, Samuel Fischer. Mann was not quite 30, Hesse two years younger—the rising stars of a distinguished list. Hesse wrote a friendly but not uncritical review of Mann's relaxed second novel, *Royal Highness*. Their in-

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"Each had to travel a difficult and dark path from the seeming security of his own national ties to the clean and rather cold air of a world citizenship."

terchange was politely casual for many years, until both writers were well into middle age. It broke off altogether during the First World War; indeed there seems to have been no written communication for the decade between 1916 and 1926. Hesse, who had spent some years of childhood in Switzerland, had moved there permanently before the war, and would become a Swiss citizen afterward. Above the battle—along with Romain Rolland and other self-exiled writers, among them Mann's brother Heinrich—he took a neutral, pacifist, and humanitarian line. Thomas Mann was performing his "war service" with the untranslated *Reflections of an Unpolitical Man*, a nationalistic defense of Germanic traditions.

The resuming dialogue, which bore mainly on the exchange of publications, was amplified in the early Thirties by Mann's tactful attempts at persuading Hesse to reconsider his resignation from the Prussian Academy. Hesse was characteristically intransigent and individualistic in his "profound distrust of the German Republic" and all its works, particularly its universities. "Since 1914 and 1918 I have not, like the German people, taken a negligible leftward step; no, I have been driven miles to the left," he declared to Mann, adding that he no longer found it possible to read a single German newspaper. The difference between Mann's lingering traditionalism and Hesse's radical critique of values comes out very strongly in a consequent discussion of Wagner, always the ambiguous touchstone of German culture for Mann. Though Hesse too was a lifelong music-lover, the Nazi exploitation of Wagnerian opera justified, to his undisguised satisfaction (his term is *Schadenfreude*), the fact that he had consistently found it unbearable.

These letters can be vividly supplemented by the taped reminiscences of Mann's widow, as transcribed and edited in her ninetieth year.* Katia Mann's *Unwritten Memories* bespeaks the charm and warmth with which she must have softened the formalities and the angularities of her husband's career. She tells us about Hesse's occasional visits to their hospitable drawing room at Munich, where he introduced them to Ninon Dolbin, who was to be his third wife and equally their friend. Hesse was a favorite among their literary acquaintance, especially prized by Mann for his conversation, his human understanding, and his sense of humor. They were brought much closer by the catastrophic events of Hitler's rise to power in 1933. Mann, at 58, was caught in Switzerland on a lecture tour with his wife and warned against returning to Germany, where he would subsequently lose his property and his citizenship. Hesse, at 56, was comfortably established near Lugano in a villa obtained for him by a patron.

Thus the roles for which they had seemed cast were reversed by a paradox of history. The insider became a refugee, an expatriate wandering for the rest of his life, who would poignantly speak—in the Joseph cycle—of the storyteller's nomadic star. The outsider, who had gained his freedom by his earlier expatriation, was not so brusquely cut off from his contact with the German public. Retrospectively, in an open letter to the novelist Walter von Molo, Mann would attest the strength and comfort he owed to Hesse's companionship during those critical months, confessing that he had envied Hesse for the farsighted course he had taken. Hesse had consoled Mann by assuring him that age and circumstance made the later exile a harder one, and had recommended his own way out: "a way leading from the German to the European and from the timely to the realm that transcends time." This was the ideological direction that Mann would follow. The ban of nationalism led to the welcome of cosmopolitanism.

He must have needed all the cheer and commiseration that Hesse could offer, including games of *boccia* and the loan of *War and Peace*, to get through that suspenseful period of doubts and anxieties, while learning—as Mann would put it in a later expression of gratitude—"to recognize an interlude as an era" ("*die Episode als Epoche zu nehmen*"). With the recognition came the decision that prompted the break with his country and his commitment to the emigration. This step differentiated his position from Hesse's, which stayed resolutely nonpolitical. Mutual sincerity bridged the gap, and Hesse, after some hesitation, contributed to the émigré journal that Mann was then editing, *Mass und Wert*. The self-styled "unpolitical man," now deeply and polemically engaged, Mann was moving far beyond his sometime mentor. Hesse would remain distrustful of what he termed "the politicization of the spirit." But Mann would reaffirm that "everything is politics."

MANN'S DEPARTURE for the United States in 1938, by putting so vast a distance between the correspondents, increased the pains they took in communicating, except for an enforced interval during the Second World War. Though he had many contacts with fellow émigrés both at Princeton and in California, the very strangeness of American culture, which he was entering in his seventh decade (and which would be reflected in *Joseph the Provider*), confirmed the need to keep in touch with his old and tested friend. Here, where Hesse has no reason to deviate from his settled patterns, Mann's communications vibrate with the impact of new encounters, such as his meeting with Franklin Roosevelt. Mann and Hesse both are watchful over the post-war problems: the Allied Occupation, the Cold War, and—perhaps most difficult of all—cultural reconciliation with Germany. Mann will revisit his native land, finally return to Switzerland, and live through happy reunions with Hesse during Mann's last three years.

With the anticlimaxes of peace, the emphasis shifted back from politics to the more congenial domain of literature. And, with the onset of old age, Mann became more interested in re-creating the past, Hesse in speculating about the future. Mann, whose books were far more widely known, generously paid his moral debt by advancing Hesse's literary fortunes. Publicly, and somewhat problematically, he praised *Steppenwolf* for being "in no way inferior to *Ulysses* or *The Counterfeiters* in experimental daring." He sponsored, with a preface, an American re-edition of *Demian*. He not only heralded and hailed that long-awaited testament *The Glass Bead Game*; he was struck by a feeling of kinship at its resemblance to the novel he was composing about the Faust legend. Katia Mann says

*Katia Mann: Unwritten Memories. *Edited by Elizabeth von Plessen and Michael Mann. Translated from the German by Hunter and Hildegarde Hannum. Knopf, 165 pp., $7.95.*

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she cannot see any likeness between them, while Mann himself—in a more candid letter to his son Klaus—would confide that Hesse's last novel had mystified him. Possibly the mystery is inherent in the material.

In *Young Joseph* Mann had playfully alluded to Hesse's lycanthropic protagonist, the Steppenwolf. Hesse returned the compliment rather pointedly in *The Glass Bead Game*. There, his personal hero, who is moreover a culture hero, becomes the *magister ludi*, the hieratic master of the mysterious game. (*Ludus*, as E. R. Curtius pointed out, means "school" as well as "play.") His predecessor, the previous *magister*, is named Thomas von der Trave (Mann having been a native of Lübeck on the river Trave). Mann jocosely accepted this designation and signed it to one of his letters. Did he also accept the implication that Hesse had now become his successor? Since his own receipt of the Nobel Prize in 1929, he had generously campaigned on behalf of Hesse, who did not gain the award until 1946. The fact that he had received the Goethe Prize the same year, though Mann did not receive it until 1949, may reflect the shift of reputations in Germany.

THE CLOSING YEARS were punctuated by public testimonials. In the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, on the occasion of Hesse's seventieth birthday, Mann inevitably viewed him—and, by indirection, himself—in the Goethean perspective of world literature. On Mann's seventy-fifth birthday, in *Die Neue Rundschau*, Hesse recalled that each of them, after his own fashion, "had to travel a difficult and dark path from the seeming security of his own national ties through loneliness and ostracism to the clean and rather cold air of a world citizenship." That was in 1950, and dates meant a good deal to both men in different ways. Mann had achieved his worldwide eminence in the Twenties: a solid place in the humanistic, if iconoclastic, sphere of Gide and Joyce. Hesse, though a contemporary of all three, won his widest fame at mid-century. By the Fifties another generation was searching for its identity, contemplating anomie with Beckett and the Absurdists, or readier than heretofore to play Hesse's psychic games.

Correspondingly, the esteem for Mann had placed him on so academic a pedestal that he offered less appeal to younger minds. He and Hesse were paired off invidiously as a critical alternative: either/or. All too frequently it was assumed that readers who liked the one could not abide the other, and Mann's traditional qualities gave him no advantage in a conflict of generations. Hesse, in the vogue of nonconformity, loyally refused to be played off against his foil. He defended Mann from his own "young enthusiasts," but could scarcely have deflected their enthusiasm by praising Mann's "Hanseatic virtues" or singling him out as the "legitimate son and heir of German bourgeois culture." If Mann was "too reasonable, too intellectual, and too ironic," then Hesse had grounds for uneasiness. Both were too self-conscious and self-critical ever to view their own works as classics, or—as they agreed near the end of Mann's life—to feel sure they had accomplished "the real thing" ("*das Eigentlich*").

Yet each claimed for the other what he disclaimed for himself. Brotherhood was a powerful theme with Hesse, while Mann's relations with his own brother had been at best uneven. Hesse presented himself as a surrogate when he inscribed to Mann his *Collected Poems*: "To the elder brother from the younger." Mann had spoken of them both as "brothers—or at least cousins—in spirit," more formally as confrères, and most appropriately as "traveling companions." Evidently they had never drunk *Bruderschaft* together, for through thick and thin they addressed one another in the formal second-person plural. It was usually "Herr Hesse" and "Herr Mann," occasionally the full name or "Dear friend." Hesse vainly tried to jolt Mann into something more intimate by once using the Russian forename and patronymic: "Dear and esteemed Foma Genrikowitsch." But Mann seems to have been on first-name terms with few Germans, although he came to call his American publisher "Alfred," and the debonair Mr. Knopf even dared to call him "Tommy."

Fraternal and complementary, Mann and Hesse were well aware they might seem an odd couple—or better, in the mystical phrase that Hesse borrowed from Nicholas of Cusa, a *coincidentia oppositorum*, a pair of coinciding opposites. Literary history can suggest few parallels for their correspondence; Goethe's and Schiller's does not really come close. Probably the closest analogue would be the remarkable sequence of letters that passed between Flaubert and George Sand. In both situations, one of the correspondents was clearly the greater artist, the other a more sympathetic character. However, they communicated as peers, having been drawn together fairly late in their careers, against a background of war and social upheaval. They bore witness to the undermining of the culture that had nourished them, the questioning of all values, the testing of civilization itself. In confronting and surviving those issues, they set examples of good faith and goodwill, of the strength of mind that sustains itself against odds, and the power of literature to preserve and revitalize. □

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A Czarist Democracy?

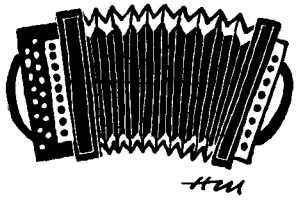
The Education of Lev Navrozov: A Life in the Closed World Once Called Russia
by Lev Navrozov
Harper's Magazine Press, 628 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Simon Karlinsky

In Solzhenitsyn's novel *The First Circle*, the young Soviet diplomat Innokenty Volodin reads his late mother's diaries and the magazines of her youth and slowly comes to the realization that the pre-revolutionary Russia in which she had lived was not the bleak and oppressive place he had always thought it was. Instead, Innokenty becomes aware of the steady economic and social progress that typified turn-of-the-century Russia, the freedom of the press and intellectual diversity, unthinkable in Soviet times, the astounding wealth of experimentation and achievement in literature and other arts. Innokenty's experiences must have been paradigmatic for thousands of young Russians growing up during the past six decades, who at some point in their lives understood that the view of their country's past (and of its present situation in comparison with the rest of the world) in which they had been indoctrinated was both narrowly limited and violently distorted.

Lev Navrozov, born in 1928, was one such young Russian. A professional translator from the English, Navrozov had access to a wider range of reading material than most of his compatriots and was able to communicate directly with visiting foreigners. His reading and contacts showed him to what extent the facts of life in Western countries are misrepresented in the Soviet Union and also how widely modern Russian history is misunderstood in the West. The key date, obsessively repeated throughout Navrozov's book, is 1861. The date, meaningless to anyone in the West who is not a historian, is the beginning of Czar Alexander II's liberalizing reforms: the abolition of serfdom, the institution of trial by jury, of independent law courts, and of the elective semi-autonomous units of rural self-administration (*zemstvo*). The reforms of the 1860s, seen by Navrozov as the greatest liberation in modern Russian history, initiated a social evolution that, despite governmental opposition and occasional setbacks, put Russia on a path similar to that of such modern democratic monarchies as Sweden and Japan. Censorship of books and periodicals was all but abolished after 1905 (the Bolshevik organ *Pravda*, calling for the overthrow of the State, went legally on sale in 1912). On the eve of World War I, Russia had a parliament, a viable labor movement, and (though Navrozov does not mention them) highly vocal and popular advocates of women's liberation (Alexandra Kolontai) and even of gay liberation. And yet that entire remarkable period is usually remembered today as "Czarist Russia" and associated primarily with famines and pogroms.

A veteran of many an argument with pro-Soviet foreigners in Moscow, Navrozov likens the customary linking of pre-1917 Russia and pogroms to the Soviet habit of reducing the entire meaning of American democracy to lynchings of blacks, a scheme that fuses together those who owned black slaves, those who emancipated them, those who lynched blacks, and those who marched for their civil rights and enacted legislation against discrimination. To roll all these into one ball, labeled "Presidential America," is the kind of reductionist concept typical of Western thinking connected with the term "Czarist Russia."



The liberal-democratic revolution of February 1917, which abolished the monarchy, is seen by Navrozov as the natural culmination of the social evolution that began in the 1860s. What was overthrown by Lenin and Trotsky in October of 1917 was not the Czarist regime (as 9 out of 10 foreigners believe today), but the civil rights and democratic institutions won during the preceding half-century, a case—if there ever was one—of throwing out the baby with the dirty bath water. Navrozov repeatedly refers to the October Revolution as the reinstatement of serfdom and its extension to the entire population.

The figure of Lenin, revered by millions all over the world as a humanitarian and a champion of liberty, is the object of Navrozov's particular revulsion. The Russian revolutionary movement, from Belinsky and Bakunin in the 1840s to the anarchists of the early twentieth century, was concerned with such things as freedom, justice, and personal rights. Lenin, whose regime inherited the sympathies generated in the West by pre-revolutionary dissent, cared nothing for any of these things. His central concern was with power—"the dictatorship of the proletariat." Navrozov quotes Lenin's definition, stated in 1906 and repeated in 1920: "The scientific concept of dictatorship means nothing else but completely unlimited power, restrained by no laws or rules whatsoever, and relying directly on violence." Furthermore, this total and absolute power was in Lenin's view best vested in one person: "The Soviet Socialist Democracy is in no way inconsistent with the rule and dictatorship of one person; the will of the class is at times best carried out by a dictator who alone can accomplish more." There could hardly be a better definition of absolute monarchy. That Lenin happened to be a Marxist was almost incidental; after all, Ivan the Terrible professed to be a Christian.

FROM THE VAST biographical literature Navrozov selects a number of incidents that illustrate Lenin's profound contempt for legality, human life, the opinions of others, and anything else that might stand in the way of achieving his dictatorship. Thus, during the famine in the Volga region in 1891 (the famine which Tolstoy and his followers sought to alleviate by organizing a string of soup kitchens, and during which Anton Chekhov gave up his literary pursuits to devote himself to famine-relief work), the 20-year-old Lenin was strongly opposed to all efforts to help the starving peasants, because "by destroying farm households, the famine destroys the belief not only in the czar but also in God, and in due time will no doubt push the peasants onto the road of the revolution and facilitate its victory."

Shortly after coming to power, Lenin was told that "a perfectly healthy fir

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Simon Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literatures at Berkeley; his most recent books are Anton Chekhov's Life and Thought: Selected Letters With Commentary *and* The Bitter Air of Exile: Russian Writers in the West 1922–1972.

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tree" had been ordered cut by the manager of the health resort where he was staying. Without investigating the matter further or interrogating anyone, Lenin personally sentenced the man to one month's imprisonment for damaging "Soviet property." Furthermore, he decreed that if there were any other such violations, all personnel employed at the resort would go to prison. This was the Leninist notion of "Socialist legality," destined to replace those incorruptible pre-revolutionary judges and juries who were able to acquit such celebrated defendants as Vera Zasulich and Mendel Beilis, despite the government's anxious efforts to secure convictions. The disregard for legal procedure and the notion of personal guilt implicit in this incident point unmistakably to the *Gulag Archipelago* universe.

The Education of Lev Navrozov was written while its author was still in the Soviet Union. He had intended to get it smuggled out and published abroad in order to make the outside world aware of his country's past and present ("What about Sacco and Vanzetti?" an American on an exchange program in Moscow screamed in fury at Navrozov, who had incautiously praised the United States; of course the American had no idea that during that same decade of the Twenties thousands of Russian anarchists were tortured and exterminated with no publicity and no trials in the Soviet Union). Now that Navrozov himself is in the West, it is a great pity he did not postpone publishing his book until he got a better understanding of Western ways and modes of expression.

The ostensible subject of the book is the author's meditations on recent Russian history, mingled with his recollections of growing up in Moscow in the Thirties. The central theme to which much of the book is devoted, however, is Navrozov's impassioned demonstration of the chronic misunderstanding of Russian history and of Soviet realities in the West. Particularly telling are his documentation of Churchill's infatuation with the "profound" and "genial" Stalin and his account of the U.S. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies reporting to Washington that the purges of the Thirties reflected Stalin's efforts, opposed by "Kremlin conservatives," to promulgate a liberal and enlightened constitution. Yet, while the book's theme and subject are important and timely, the manner in which it is written could not be more self-defeating.

The general tone is, regrettably, reminiscent of nothing so much as a Birchite tract. Style and vocabulary are relentlessly hyperbolic: the October Revolution is a "megacrime," Lenin is "pseudo-czar-god I," and so forth. There is a penchant for etymologizing Russian words for the Western reader, at times with dubious results (the word for *poem*, *stikhotvorenie*, does not mean "creation of the elements," but simply "making verse"); there is much gratuitous obloquy (Boris Pasternak is characterized as a "sick village idiot") and some garbled historical facts (the False Dimitri claimed to be the son not of Czar Feodor I, but of Ivan the Terrible, as anyone familiar with the libretto of *Boris Godunov* should know). All this powerfully conveys the claustrophobia and paranoia that an independently thinking person in the Soviet Union must feel. But it is sure to make the book unpalatable to many readers.

THE FIRST POST-REVOLUTIONARY emigration of the early Twenties brought to the West a magnificent array of Russian writing talent. Some of the finest poets and prose writers of the century, who had lived for several years under Lenin's rule, were eager to tell the world that the Revolution for which many of them had actively hoped and worked had been usurped by a clique of inhuman fanatics who were turning the country into a tyrannical medieval theocracy and calling the results socialism and liberation. But *The Accursed Days* by Ivan Bunin, *Russia in a Whirlwind* by Aleksei Remizov, and the memoirs about the Revolution by the two great women poets Marina Tsvetaeva and Zinaida Gippius (to name only the most notable examples) were read only by their fellow émigrés. Apart from students of Soviet affairs and the type of reader who prefers sensationalist exposés, few people in the West were particularly excited about or interested in serious criticism of Soviet conditions.

With the exception of Solzhenitsyn, Joseph Brodsky, and one or two others, the writers who have come to the West in the current wave of emigration cannot begin to match their predecessors of the Twenties in literary power or talent. A lifetime of resentment toward the triumphant lies and simplistic dogmatism of the regime has embittered many of the new émigrés, saddled some of them with a mentality akin to that of Dostoevsky's underground man, and given still others a messianic sense of mission to enlighten the world about their experiences. Navrozov's book suggests that they might miss the chance to convey their insights and their message to a Western audience unless they find a tone and a writing manner to which this audience can respond. Passion can be a writer's asset, as the memoirs of Nadezhda Mandelstam have shown. Navrozov's brand of hysteria can only be a handicap to communication. □

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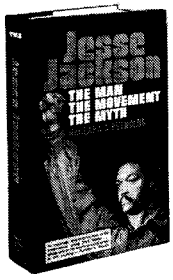
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Heavy Weather

The Weather Machine
by Nigel Calder
Viking, 143 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Robert Claiborne

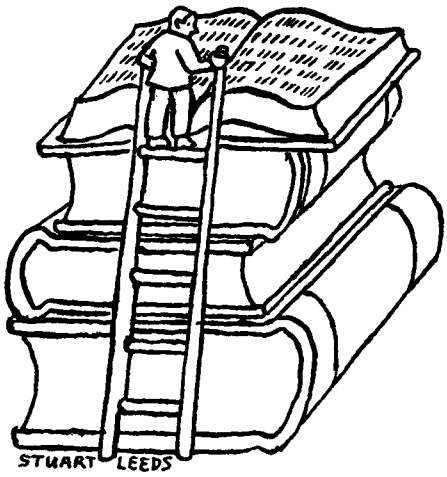
Recently we have been deluged with stories about an alleged worldwide change in the climate, supposedly bringing colder winters to Europe and North America, droughts to India, Pakistan, and the African Sahel; in a few centuries or even a few decades, we are told, we may be engulfed in the chill beginnings of another ice age. This subject is one I have researched extensively—for a book I wrote a few years ago—and I am convinced that the real story is not that the climate is or isn't changing, but that we don't know whether it is—or how fast, or how far, or for how long.

And yet Nigel Calder warns us that "for 95 percent of the past million years the world has been very much colder than it is today," so that "any natural change of climate is far more likely to be for the worse rather than the better." That such a change is probably imminent is suggested by the fact that "the warm periods between the ice ages last about 10,000 years and ours has [already] lasted 10,000 years." Skating, anyone?

Before considering whether this warning should be taken seriously, let us get clear on what we are talking about: climate, not weather. Weather is what is happening in the atmosphere today, or happened last week, or will happen next month; climate is weather averaged out over a relatively long period. As someone has said, climate is what you expect; weather is what you get.

Weather, as we all know, is changeable—in our part of the world often from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour. Climates change, too, in the sense that certain past periods were demonstrably cooler or warmer than the present. For example, weather in the northern hemisphere from 1920 to 1950 averaged a little warmer than during the past 25 years; 1850 to 1900 was a little colder. The period 1600 to 1850—sometimes called, with gross hyperbole, the Little Ice Age—averaged considerably colder; from about 800 to 1200, considerably warmer. And so on.

Meteorologists understand and can predict weather after a fashion: for example, they know that a high-pressure area moving down from Canada in February will almost certainly bring subfreezing weather to the Midwest and



Northeast. What they do not understand is why more such areas move south in one February than in another. Many meteorologists believe the reason has something to do with shifts in the mid-latitude jet stream—a high-speed, high-altitude river of air that circles the globe from west to east—but this is merely ignorance at one remove, since nobody knows why the jet stream shifts.

If the meteorologists know little about why weather patterns change from one year to the next, they know even less about why they undergo the long-term shifts that can ameliorate or worsen the weather for periods ranging from a few decades to the tens of thousands of years of a true ice age. Thus climatic change can be discussed only on the basis of past performance—which, as every horseplayer knows, is a treacherous guide.

Calder rather successfully obscures this point by devoting much of his book to discussing weather and weather forecasting. Explaining this appallingly complex subject in the space he allots to it would have defeated a much better writer than he in fact is, but in any case, his explanations (such as they are) really tell us nothing about climate. Insofar as he deals with that topic, he stands for no nonsense from the facts.

For example, he claims that recent drought years in India are related to a general, worldwide cooling trend since 1950, contrasted with the warmer and (in India) presumably moister period from 1920 to 1950. Now the Indian Meteorological Service denies that there have been any such long-term changes in rainfall—and it ought to know. Calder knows better. If, he says, one singles out the really bad drought years, one finds three in the first 12 years of this century, three in the second 12, two in the third, two in the fourth, only one in the fifth, but three in the sixth and most recent.

On the face of it, this looks plausible. However, any statistician knows that variations of this modest size, over so short a period, could equally well be due to chance. In fact, Calder's alleged trend in droughts—down, then up again—turns out to derive largely from his selected 12-year interval. If we tabulate the droughts by *decades*, the sequence from 1901 to 1970 runs 1, 5, 2, 1, 1, 1, 2—one catastrophic decade spotted among six unexceptional ones; if we pick a 13-year interval, the sequence runs 4, 2, 3, 2, 3. Juggle your figures skillfully enough and you can prove anything.

Calder's major contentions about climatic change, past and prospective, are based on equally fragile factual foundations. Thus his claim that earth climates have been much colder than the present for 95 percent of the past million years is given no source whatever. Worse, when we look at what he presents as an actual record of climate over the past 130,000 years—based on analysis of ice deposits in Greenland—we find that the climate has been at least as warm as the present for over 35 percent of that time.

His alleged 10,000-year average for warm periods over the past million years is no more firmly based: again, no source and a flat contradiction with the purported Greenland climatic record, which shows the previous warm period as lasting nearly 20,000 years (or nearly 40,000, if one disregards a couple of brief, cold—but hardly glacial—episodes).

Rather than further belabor Calder's sins of commission and omission, let me sum up what we *do* know about long-term climatic trends. First, the earth has been getting cooler for at least 35 million years. Second, for the past million or two years, the climate has been fluctuating

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Robert Claiborne has written widely on science and medicine. His books include Climate, Man and History *and, most recently,* God or Beast: Evolution and Human Nature.

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between relatively warm and very cold—ice ages with mile-thick glaciers covering much of Europe and North America. At least some of the warm periods were considerably warmer than today at least part of the time; we know this from very diverse evidence, including hippopotamus fossils near London, evidence of wild grapes in north Germany, and warm-water mollusk shells near the Bering Strait.

What we do not know with any certainty is how many such oscillations there have been, or how long they lasted on the average, or why they occurred. Our ignorance is hardly less profound in regard to the much feebler and briefer climatic fluctuations over the past 10,000 years. And since we cannot explain past climatic fluctuations, we cannot predict future ones. On past performance—the geological record of much earlier glacial epochs—we can expect recurrent ice ages for several million more years at least. On past performance—the record of the last interglacial warm spell—we can also expect periods considerably warmer than the present, lasting for thousands and perhaps tens of thousands of years. But whether the warmth or the ice will come first, and when, are matters that climatologists cannot agree on—not least because the very facts they argue from are often uncertain and sometimes contradictory. Those climatologists—some of them quite distinguished—who foresee a new ice age in the fairly near future may be right or wrong; we simply don't know.

The fact is that for all our vaunted technological progress and scientific sophistication, we really know very little about the atmosphere, whose operations determine, to a greater extent than we often realize, where we live, how we live, and sometimes whether we will live at all. (On the last point, witness the 300,000 victims of the Bangladesh hurricane a few years ago or the even more numerous casualties of the recent African drought.) Climate has changed in the past and will undoubtedly change in the future—conceivably to the point where large parts of the earth will become uninhabitable—yet we do not know why or when or what (if anything) we can do about it.

The current story of climate, in short, is the story of our ignorance, which is perhaps no story at all. On the other hand, perhaps it is; the recognition of ignorance is often deemed the beginning of wisdom. □

Unbidden Messages

My Passport Says Clairvoyant

by M. B. Dykshoorn
as told to Russell H. Felton
Hawthorn Books, 229 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
Valentine Rossilli Winsey

Marinus B. Dykshoorn may well be the only person in the world whose passport lists his occupation as "clairvoyant." According to Russell H. Felton's "as told to" narrative, the Dutch-born Dykshoorn (pronounced Dike-shorn) has for years shown an astonishing clairvoyant ability to look deep into the past and future of both buildings and people.

For example, the book says that when visiting the building in Delft, the Netherlands, where Willem the Silent was murdered in 1584, Dykshoorn used his psychic powers to reconstruct details of that ancient tragedy and to add valuable new data to the historical record.

Later, while staying in the Dutch city of Breda, he similarly located, it is claimed, the burial site of the legendary holy wafer known as the Host of Niervaart. Originally kept on display in the town of Niervaart, the Host had been moved to Breda in the fifteenth century; in the sixteenth century—while Breda was under siege—it had been spirited away and buried for safekeeping. Till Dykshoorn located the wafer, its hiding place had been lost track of for many years.

Further, the book asserts, Dykshoorn has for years helped police to locate the corpses of drowning and murder victims in the Netherlands, Germany, Belgium, and Luxembourg. He has also pinpointed, by using "map dowsing," the makeshift, temporary graves of many World War II soldiers.

At rare times, Dykshoorn can be clairvoyant about himself. One evening he saw a beautiful girl sitting with her family in a Breda restaurant. The clairvoyant promptly went over to their table and announced to the startled father, "In less than a year, I will be married to your daughter." And he was! Dykshoorn now lives in the United States, where he has a private practice as a psychic consultant, lectures, and continues to donate his services to police investigations.

Dykshoorn's narrative makes absorbing reading whether one regards the events it relates as pure balderdash, as instances of true clairvoyance, or as happenings somehow explainable by "rational" means.

He tells us that as a child, living in a small Netherlands village, he was shocked to find that his psychic insights—everyday occurrences to him—were often eerie and upsetting to others. He once offended a woman neighbor by blurting out details of her recent night on the town. Later, he innocently confided to a

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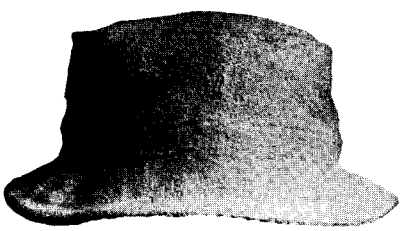
Valentine Rossilli Winsey, a cultural anthropologist, has lectured extensively throughout the United States and Canada.

Talented Little Towel



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friend of his mother that he "saw a little baby in her tummy." When his bewildered parents punished him repeatedly for talking about the truths he "saw," Dykshoorn finally took refuge in brooding silence.

Not until he was 18 did he learn from a noted University of Cologne psychologist that his strange ability was "highly psychic" in nature, an "inborn gift," which (the psychologist advised him) he should learn to use creatively. Fearful, however, of encountering still more skepticism and hostility, Dykshoorn tried for the next 10 years to ignore the psychologist's advice and to lead a "normal" life.

Yet his mind continued to rage with unbidden images and messages. A naturally warm person, he could not always resist the urge to advise friends and fellow workers about problems they had thought were close personal secrets. As a result, he was fired time and again for being "nosy," an "eavesdropper," or a "spy."

At 28, still unable to fathom his own behavior, he landed a job at a bank. One afternoon he clearly heard the voice of his supervisor discussing him with the bank's manager—although the discussion was in fact going on in an office some distance down the hall, far out of normal earshot. The supervisor was complaining that Dykshoorn had made a mistake in his calculations on a bank account. Outraged that the supervisor had not spoken to him first about this supposed error, Dykshoorn strode down the hall, burst open the manager's door, and berated the supervisor. Challenged to explain how he had learned of the supposedly private discussion, he exclaimed defiantly, "I am clairvoyant." It was the first time he had ever publicly described himself in this way. The bankers were, surprisingly, quite sympathetic but nonetheless felt obliged to fire him.

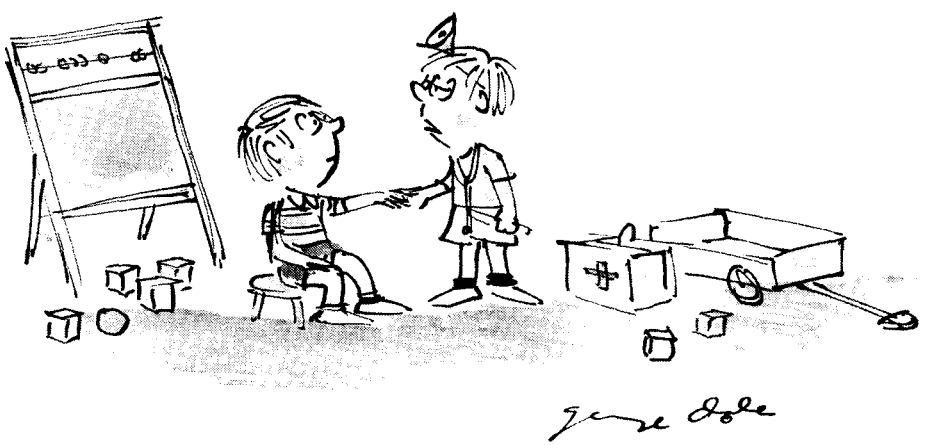
Jobless once again, he sought help from a psychologist, who he hoped could give him deeper understanding of his psychic manifestations. What eluded Dykshoorn, above all, was how to go about using his gift professionally. The obvious possibility, that he could become an entertainer and mystic who "exploited the gullible," was abhorrent to him. After several months of floundering, finding himself down to his last coin, he used the coin to pay for a cup of coffee. As the café proprietor, who was a stranger to him, took the money, Dykshoorn blurted: "Sir, don't worry about your gall-bladder operation. Everything will be all right." Delighted, the proprietor had him do similar clairvoyant readings for the café's patrons. That evening, exhausted but gratified, the clairvoyant left the café with enough earnings in tips from the patrons to keep him going several weeks.

From then on, his career as a consultant flourished. For one thing, he soon learned how to control and focus his gift so that it would not consume him. An important element in this accomplishment was his use of a loop of piano wire, about 18 inches long. Dykshoorn uses this wire, which he holds in his hands, as a kind of directional antenna for "tuning in" psychic realities selectively, instead of allowing his mind to be overwhelmed by a welter of random, mixed impressions. Using the loop and drawing on the full range of his psychic powers, Dykshoorn soon became a public figure, particularly because of his remarkable work with the police of the Netherlands and other countries.

A deeply religious convert to Catholicism, Dykshoorn emphatically separates clairvoyance from religion, pointing out that clairvoyants have come from many religious backgrounds. The only clairvoyant who operates with all five senses, he describes his gift as "instinctive," something that "cannot be learned." And in an earnest attempt to contribute to a clearer understanding of the clairvoyant phenomenon, he painstakingly describes in *My Passport Says Clairvoyant* the psycho-physiological effects he has experienced while "receiving" and "interpreting" psychic signals. In his opinion, the testing methods currently used by psychologists to analyze the nature of the clairvoyant faculty amount to mere "game playing." Yet he offers no suggestions for alternative techniques. One would have hoped that as deeply involved in—even passionate about—clairvoyance as Dykshoorn is, some ideas along these lines would have occurred to him.

Russell Felton, Dykshoorn's collaborator in writing the book, has for the most part done a handsome job of telling the life story of this unusual psychic. Because of his enthusiasm and affection for his co-author, Mr. Felton may be forgiven his occasional expressions of partiality, as in statements like this: "[Dykshoorn] is perhaps the most gifted and certainly the most accomplished psychic of our time or perhaps of any time." Given the heavy documentation in the appendix, one wonders why the text is so heavily peppered with testimonials. This repetition betrays a fear that the reader will not accept what is said, unless he or she is inundated with proof.

Such a fear, however, is understandable in light of the long history of distrust of all psychic phenomena, particularly in Western civilization. This book may help reduce that fear by giving us a convincing, sympathetic account of psychic phenomena and their value for humanity. □



"Arnold, you're pregnant!"

New Books

Sanya: My Life With Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
by Natalya Reshetovskaya
Bobbs-Merrill, 279 pp., $8.95

Malicious and not altogether subtle, the views of Solzhenitsyn's first wife have the unmistakable ring of emotional truth. There is too much vitality in the

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scorn, too much quality in the conviction, for one to think otherwise of Ms. Reshetovskaya's observations about Solzhenitsyn the man, the husband, the author. Granted even the heavy hand of politics that is evident here (Ms. Reshetovskaya is a loyal citizen of the Soviet Union), one has the sense that the details about Solzhenitsyn's character could only have come from hard wifely scrutiny—in retrospect, to be sure. There is something comic and wonderfully Russian, too, in Ms. Reshetovskaya's attempt to combine solemnity with assaultiveness in her descriptions of Solzhenitsyn's attitude toward work, toward fame, toward friends, and, not least, toward family. In this manner Ms. Reshetovskaya relates how, toward the end of their marriage, Solzhenitsyn explained to her that she should be willing to share him with another woman, with whom he was involved at the time—how the two women could then feed the different aspects of his creativity. Patently emotional, full of an earnest and awful simplism about the workings of the Soviet system (Ms. Reshetovskaya explains how, when her husband was first arrested, he implicated so many of his friends in his efforts to clear himself that Stalin's secret police had to go to great lengths to protect the innocent from the trouble Solzhenitsyn was getting them into), it is nonetheless a fascinatingly human document, a mixture of fevered bias and hard-eyed observation.

•

George Eliot: The Emergent Self

by Ruby V. Redinger
Knopf, 515 pp., $15

A closely reasoned and urbane analysis of George Eliot's life and art, this book is primarily psychic history rather than biography. Occasionally overlong on details, it is nonetheless illuminating about such matters as George Eliot's relationships with her father and her brother—the latter, according to Ms. Redinger, a figure with whom she was obsessed all her years—and with the other two major figures in her life, George Henry Lewes and John W. Cross. Ms. Redinger argues cogently that by running off to live with Lewes, who already had a wife, George Eliot chose a mode of existence that could only endanger her psychologically; at the same time, as insecure as her unconventional role must have made her, the relationship with Lewes was a crucial, nurturing one. The work is at its best in psychological examination of this sort. In all, Ms. Redinger's treatment lacks the broad, unifying strokes necessary for portraiture; still it is a sound, evocative work, thanks almost entirely to its speculative energies.

•

Alexander Dolgun's Story: An American in the Gulag

by Alexander Dolgun
with Patrick Watson
Knopf, 370 pp., $10

At the beginning of this memoir, Dolgun is a raw young American, caught up in the aged and cynical complexities of a totalitarian system. In 1948, at the height of Stalin's post-war reign of terror, Dolgun was 22, an American living in Moscow, employed as a clerk in the U.S. embassy. Picked up by the Soviet secret police while on his way to work, he was thrown into prison and accused, groundlessly, of spying and conspiring against the State. After being starved, tortured, and made to live virtually without sleep during months of round-the-clock interrogations, Dolgun was sentenced. In all, he was to spend eight years as a prisoner, first in two of the more notorious penal institutions in Moscow, and, finally, in the labor camps of the Gulag.

The psychic evolution from artless American boy to seasoned political prisoner is but one terrible aspect of the dark and terrible history recorded here. Not always attractive, either, but believable, intimate, and shrewd, Dolgun's is the paradigm of the survivor's voice in the end. The authors have told the story without contrivance, with respect for the power of fact, and the result is a harsh, deeply affecting work that lingers on in the mind after the last page has been turned.

•

The House on Garibaldi Street

by Isser Harel
Viking, 296 pp., $8.95

A deft, suspenseful account of the capture of Adolph Eichmann, written by the former chief of the Israeli secret service. Harel himself took charge of Operation Eichmann; in 1959 he went to Argentina with a handpicked band of Israeli agents, determined to track down the Nazi criminal the Israelis most wanted: Adolph Eichmann, the chief executive officer of the Final Solution, the man who arranged the deportation of Europe's Jews from the German-occupied territories to the death camps. Harel's is no run-of-the-mill cloak-and-dagger yarn, but a tightly controlled, altogether intelligent rendering of the character of a sophisticated secret service. This is the dissection of a manhunt in which one sees, among other things, the painstaking way in which

many small pieces of a puzzle are finally put together, the way in which the individual participants in an emotion-charged enterprise (the agents were all survivors of the holocaust) deal with the disciplines required of secret operatives. In sum, Harel's story of the Eichmann capture is that rare combination: a work of real moral significance that has, also, the makings of a popular success.

•

Shine On, Bright & Dangerous Object

by Laurie Colwin
Viking, 181 pp., $7.95

Laurie Colwin redeems the lately much-battered theme of self-discovery in this, her second work (the first was *Passion and Affect*). And though it is loaded with all those motifs about growing and finding oneself that have huffed and puffed their way out of publishing houses these many years in an endless narcissistic storm, this bright and elegant novel has been accomplished without a jot of fashionable cant. It contains a love story—not one, in fact, but several. Miss Colwin's protagonist suffers bereavement: she copes, she learns, she grieves. Above all, she observes, and here she is at her best: vulnerable, but with a mordantly witty eye for social detail, for the marks of caste and class that are rooted deep in personality. On the surface the plot is slender enough—Miss Colwin's protagonist makes her way from love to love—but the drama of that route is complex, the point of view unfaltering. DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Jong Song

No need to explain who Erica Jong is; Erica Jong *is*. Her third book of poetry, *Loveroot*, comes from Holt, Rinehart and Winston on June 19 at $4.95. A fine mix of her highly individualistic poems: direct, witty, earthy, sensitive. Here's "You Whom I Hoped to Reach by Writing":

You whom I hoped to reach by writing,
you beyond the multicolored tangle
of telephone wires,
you with your white paper soul
trampled in transit,
you with kaleidoscope stamps
& black cancellations,
you who put your finger on my heart
as I slept,
you whom I jostle in elevators,
you whom I stare at in subways,
you shopping for love in department
stores . . .

I write to you
& someone else answers:
the man who hates his wife
& wants to meet me,
the girl who mistakes me for mother. . . .
My strange vocation
is to be paid for my nightmares.

I write to you, my love,
& someone else
always answers.

Oxter

Let me proceed to use an odd word: *oxter*. One of the places where I sometimes make a fool of myself on the tennis courts is the Tuckahoe Racquet Club in Southampton. As I walk on the court, I sometimes muse (with my addiction to puns) that I would probably do just as well if I'd tuck a hoe under my oxter as a tennis racket. So: *oxter*, "upper arm, armpit." This is an elaborate lead-in to *Carnival at Forest Hills: Anatomy of a Tennis Tournament* by Marty Bell (Random House/*Sport* magazine, June 26, $8.95). Moment by moment, match by match, what happened at that other Long Island club during the 1974 U.S. Open. The clubhouse, the officials, the locker rooms, but mostly the personalities of the players: Newcombe, Stan Smith, Nastase, Rosewall, and the ladies King, Goolagong, and Evert. To say nothing of everybody's unfavorite, Jimmy Connors. And while we're on tennis, you'll get a lot of help if you ever have to play Laver, Mark Cox, Roscoe Tanner, or Connors from Peter Schwed's *Sinister Tennis: How to Play Against and With Lefthanders*, just out from Doubleday at $4.95 cloth, $2.50 paper. Schwed, a first-rate club player himself, estimates that about one out of six people you'll run across on the courts is a lefty. So read this and fox 'em.

Blockbuster

This column is usually more involved with personal enthusiasms and byways and oddities than with blockbuster bestsellers. But here's a full Book-of-the-Month selection that appealed to those august judges, so I said, "What the heck —give it a read." And Michael Crichton's *The Great Train Robbery* (Knopf, June 10, $7.95) is a fine read—tense, fast-moving, and informative. The robbery (it's all made up) occurred in 1855—a trainload of gold bullion. Mr. Crichton just oozes information about Victorian England, particularly the low life. He gives us a sleek master criminal, tells us about dog fights, treats us to words like *Peelers* and *miltonians* (police), *cockchafers* (a kind of treadmill used in prisons), Chubb safes (the best, but . . .). And he can be amusing. Here's a gentleman withdrawing from a gathering of his peers:

Soon thereafter, Mr. Fowler took his leave, arising with the comment that if he were not soon home to his wife, she should think him dallying with a judy—"and I should hate to suffer the pains of chastisement without the antecedent reward." His comment drew laughter from the assembled gentlemen; it was, he thought, just the right note on which to depart. Gentlemen wanted their bankers prudent but not prudish; it was a fine line.

Good Ole South

Florence King is a jolly lady writer —sometimes too jolly—who comes from the South, and she's had the bright and very commercial idea of writing about *Southern Ladies and Gentlemen* (Stein & Day, June 20, $8.95). Ancestor worship, five varieties of Good Ole Boys, indulgent daddies, red-necks, marriage rites, old maids, bourbon and branch-water, the Southerner up North—everything. A couple of quotes about men and women:

Men who consistently suffer military disaster, like the French, or who are simply uninterested in soldiering, like the Italians, tend to compensate with high levels of sexual ardor. As I see it, the Civil War is the cause of the Good Ole Boy's need to act out his shaky, klutzy, superstud role. Everyone knows what happens to the women of a defeated nation when the victorious army marches through. Southern women are the only American women who have experienced the fate of the Sabines in the course of a war, and the Good Ole Boy cannot get this out of his mind. Though he is a consummate womanizer and would, as the saying goes, hump a rock pile if he thought there was a snake under it, he feels an inordinate pull in the opposite direction and harbors a conflicting need to protect women from any conquering male, including himself. . . .

Southern women flirt so automatically that half the time they don't even realize they are doing it. Batting your lashes is a Pavlovian reaction as soon as you say word one to any man, and so is that rapt gaze called "hanging onto his every word." In the South, it's all a game and everyone plays it: there are ways to make it clear that you are serious; you increase or decrease the watts and voltage depending on how you *really* feel and what, if anything, you want the man to do about it.

Southern men know the difference; Northern men do not (understandably, since Northern women, especially New Yorkers, simply don't carry on in this fashion). When you rattle off a standard Southern thank-you —"Oh, you're just so nice. I don't know what I'd *do* without you"—the Northern man *believes you*! He believes you so much that he follows you home. □

"You're wasting your time; I'm asexual."

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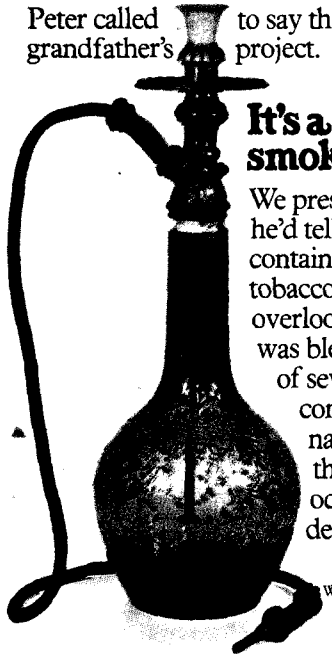
Introducing Marrakesh. We would have introduced it 100 years ago but the Stokkebye family doesn't like to be rushed.

We almost forgot they were working on it.

Europe has a score of master blenders and perhaps the most famous of all are the Stokkebyes of Denmark. Slow. But famous. Erik Peter Stokkebye of the Eighteen Hundreds became infatuated with the mellowness and lightness of the smoke derived from the water pipes of Marrakesh. And he feverishly began work on a pipe tobacco blend with the same characteristics. Sort of a Master Blender's Blend. Then in Nineteen Hundred and Seventy Four his grandson Peter called to say that he had finished his grandfather's project.



It's a water cooled smoke without water.

We pressed for details and all he'd tell us about it was that it contained a special small leaf tobacco from the Atlas Mountains overlooking Marrakesh, and this was blended with select tobaccos of seven countries on three continents. None of which he'd name. But he did mention that an interesting thing occurred on the way to developing "the" blend.

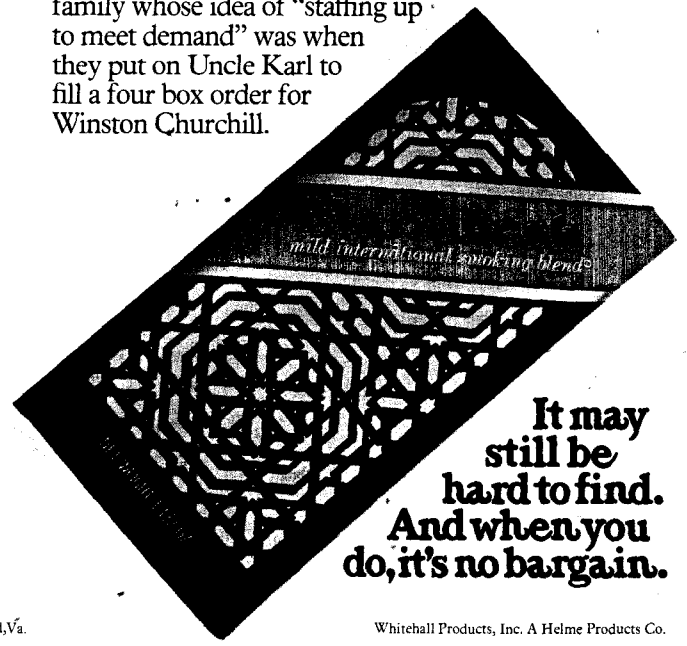
Water pipe courtesy of Valentine Museum, Richmond, Va.

They took out the one thing you'd expect in a pipe tobacco. Bite.

Somewhere between the twenty-two separate hand processes that go into blending it, and a secret double-fermenting heat process, the bite was left out. The Stokkebyes also left out the bourbon, fruit and other foreign matter as there was no need for fakery in a blend of this nature.

We tested it in a few places and it was a disaster.

We asked Peter for some help in introducing Marrakesh. He sent over this 1904 poster from their last big advertising campaign. We thanked him politely and went ahead and ordered what we considered to be an eight week supply. We quietly slipped it into a few stores. No advertising. Just word-of-mouth. Our supply was wiped out in eight days. We had back orders for hundreds of cases. Many irate customers. And a family whose idea of "staffing up to meet demand" was when they put on Uncle Karl to fill a four box order for Winston Churchill.



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artsletter

Prepared in cooperation
with the National Society of Literature
and the Arts.

AMERICAN BICENTENNIAL THEATER. Washington's John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and Xerox Corporation are joining forces to present a Bicentennial season of American plays at the center's Eisenhower Theater. Xerox's contribution is a $400,000 guarantee against possible deficits. Kennedy Center will produce the series under the direction of Roger L. Stevens and Richmond Crinkley.

Thornton Wilder's The Skin of Our Teeth, starring Elizabeth Ashley as Sabina, will open the season on July 1. The series continues with Percy MacKaye's The Scarecrow, William Gillette's Too Much Johnson, Tennessee Williams's Sweet Bird of Youth, George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's The Royal Family, Eugene O'Neill's Long Day's Journey Into Night, Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle (in the Boucicault adaptation made famous by Joseph Jefferson in the nineteenth century), and William Inge's Bus Stop. Most of the productions will be presented outside Washington before or after the Kennedy Center runs. In addition to Elizabeth Ashley, the players booked to appear include William Atherton, Rosemary Harris, Anthony Quayle, Jason Robards, and Irene Worth. Jose Quintero, Ellis Rabb, and John Pasquin are among the directors.

Kennedy Center is not only reviving American theater classics but also commissioning six new plays from Martin Duberman, John Guare, Preston Jones, Romulus Linney, Joseph Walker, and Ruth Wolff. It is hoped that one or more of these plays will be ready for production at the Eisenhower Theater in February and March 1976.

ENCOURAGING THE CONDUCTORS. Thanks to the combined efforts of Exxon, the National Endowment, and Affiliate Artists, six young American conductors are getting a chance to work at the podium, select programs, and give public lectures and demonstrations with major symphony orchestras.

The program was conceived in 1973, when Exxon officials wanted to contribute money to a cultural program and were open to suggestions. Affiliate Artists, an organization that places young artists at colleges for eight-week residences as "cultural ambassadors," suggested that Exxon begin a conductors' internship program. Opportunities for young conductors, Affiliate Artists reasoned, were nil; orchestras generally require "star" status for guest artists, and foreign symphonies are most often led by foreigners. After a pilot project last year proved successful, the Exxon/Arts Endowment conductors program was officially launched, with Exxon and the Endowment each contributing $72,000 and Affiliate Artists doing the administrative work. The conductors chosen this year, ranging in age from 29 to 38, are now performing with the Atlanta, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and San Diego symphonies and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

PICASSO'S PICASSOS. After many months of patient diplomacy and numbing legal discussion, French art officials are now quietly hopeful that a Picasso museum will be open to the public in Paris sometime around the end of next year. Michel Guy, the energetic new state secretary for culture, has cleared away the last major obstacle by winning the approval of Mme. Jacqueline Picasso and the painter's four children for an installation in the Hôtel Salé, a palatial seventeenth-century townhouse in the old Marais quarter on the Right Bank. (The building, which is owned by the city of Paris, got its name, the Salt House, from the fact that its original owner had made his fortune as a collector of the gabelle, the tax on salt. The townhouse is also sometimes referred to as the

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Hôtel de Juigné, from the name of a family that lived in it during the latter part of the eighteenth century.)

Meanwhile, an inventory of the artist's collection of his works--some 1,500 paintings, 600 pieces of sculpture, and thousands of drawings--has been completed by a group of experts headed by auctioneer Maurice Rheims, and the last items that were still in the south of France have been brought up to Paris and deposited in an unnamed bank. Although the exact disposition of this collection must wait until the estate of the Great Proteus is divided up among his children and his widow, French government sources are assuming that 40 canvases will go to the nation as a straight gift and that about 300 more will come in as a "dation," which is legal jargon for the payment of inheritance taxes with works of art. Any other way of paying is practically excluded, for Picasso's wealth was concentrated in his real estate and his pictures, and an attempt to convert several hundred of the latter into cash could have a disastrous effect on the market.

The donation and the dation will constitute the core of the collection in the Hôtel Salé. But the museum will also house Picasso's gift of his non-Picassos, which had until recently been assigned, in accord with the wishes of the painter, to a special room in the Louvre. The new arrangement will avert a good deal of embarrassment, for although some of these non-Picassos are first-rate--in particular three Cézannes and two Matisses--several are obviously not up to Louvre standards.

READING, WRITING, IVORY-CARVING. At a time when schools are trimming their budgets by dropping art and music departments altogether, the National Endowment for the Arts is spending $3.3 million to place 2,000 professional artists in 7,500 schools next year. The sum is the highest yet to be slated for the Endowment's "Artists-in-the-Schools" program, a project designed "to enhance children's ability to express themselves and to communicate creatively."

Funds for the program are granted directly to state arts agencies and other participating groups about a year in advance, allowing recipients time both to plan their programs adequately and to find the required matching funds--dollar for dollar, on a cash basis. The states have been more than eager to match monies and, in some cases, have proposed a greater budget than the Endowment has been able to equal. States have also broadened the project far beyond the original concept of using only poets in the program. In Alaska, for example, schoolchildren are learning the arts of ivory-carving and leather-working from Indians and Eskimos; students in Leominster, Mass., are discovering that ink stains--all over their clothes, hands, and faces--are a part of the printmaker's trade; and a sculptor in Brunswick, Maine, is creating his mammoth outdoor works with the help of vocational-school students. How do the artists involved rate the program? Says a poet teaching in Syracuse, N.Y.: "A kid who can't spell loneliness might very well be able to describe it. Rather than marking his paper 'sp' for 'spelling error,' isn't it better to listen to what the child has to say?"

HARPSICHORDS GALORE. A 10-day harpsichord festival will be presented at the College of Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson, Riverdale, N.Y., from June 13-22. Activities include master classes, workshops on harpsichord construction and maintenance, panel discussions and lectures, solo recitals, and ensemble concerts. The festival is sponsored by a newly formed cultural service group called Musicalive, which hopes to initiate more such festivals in the future, as well as to establish an audiovisual library of significant live performances and events. Further information can be obtained from the organization's artistic director, Dr. Frances Cole, at 250 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 (phone 212-247-4330).

ARTSLETTER is prepared in cooperation with the National Society of Literature and the Arts, Suite 302, 1424 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Tiffany and the Good Life

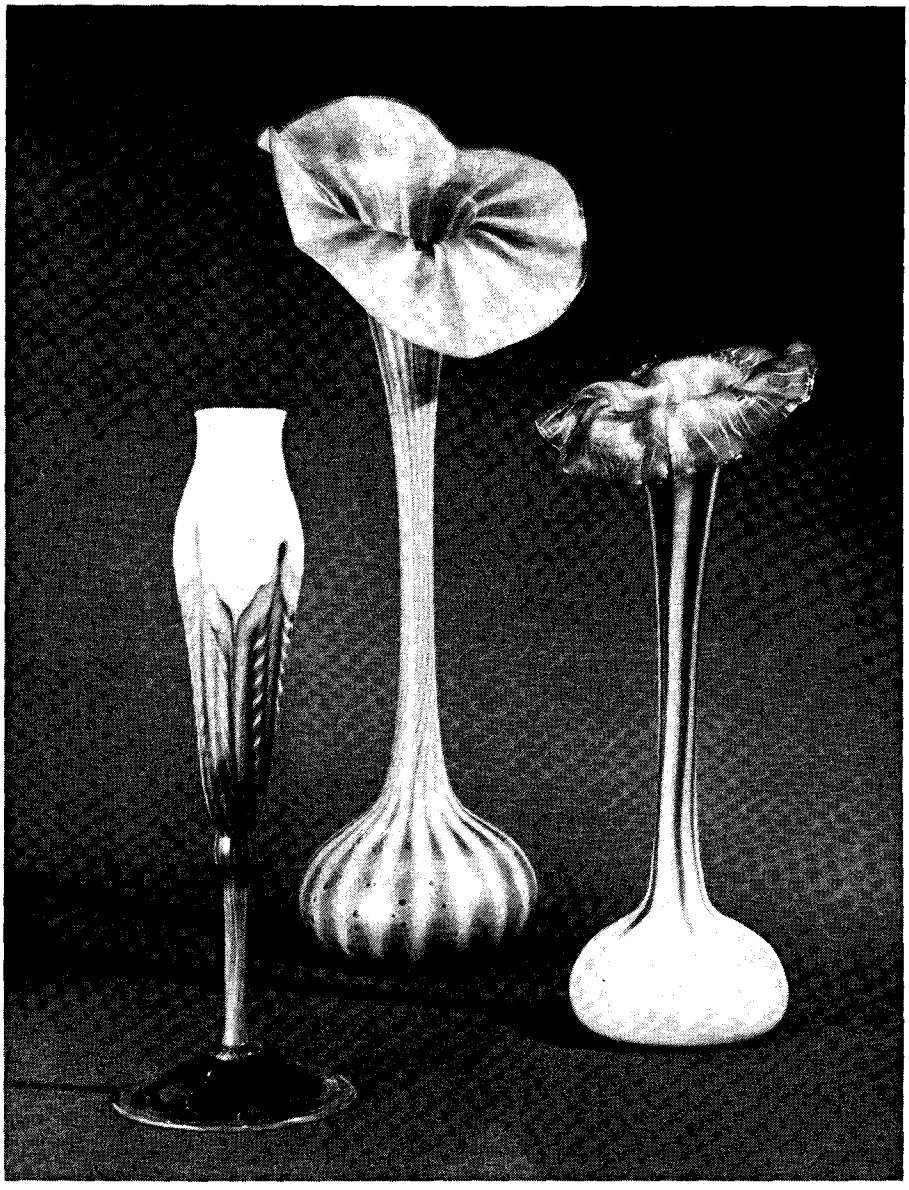
by Katharine Kuh

Important little-known private art collections are rare these days. Many of the more comprehensive, regardless of location, emphasis, size, and quality, have been deliberately and widely publicized. Even collectors themselves are assiduously "collected" by museums on the lookout for more and better works of art or by the press if properly nudged. Privacy, at one time a concomitant of esthetic enjoyment, is now considered a quaint affectation, all of which makes doubly remarkable an occasional encounter with private holdings that are still private. To be sure, specialists know about them, but not that larger public attracted by glamorous news stories.

I think back to a visit in Singapore when, by luck, I was invited to dinner in the home of a Chinese doctor and his wife. I had heard they were interested in art, but I was not prepared for the splendid array of seventeenth-century Chinese scroll paintings (especially from the Eccentric School) that they had brought with them from the mainland when the family fled to Singapore, a city, by the way, where numerous commercial galleries specializing in Chinese art offer only the most debased examples. Nearby, the doctor's sister and her British husband lived modestly in a house crammed with superb jades and porcelains. Likewise in Caracas, a friend took me to the home of a woman who over the years has been quietly amassing an extraordinary collection of ceremonial metates from Costa Rica. For grandeur of carving and for sheer variety I can think of no other group (in either public or private hands) to compare.

These chance encounters are among the most rewarding bonuses of travel. It was in Florida, in the unlikely milieu of Winter Park, that I recently happened upon another surprising revelation. For fans of Louis Comfort Tiffany, the fact that a legendary body of his work is stashed away in this conservative resort town is not news, but for me, who had only heard vague rumors, the impact of the collection was overwhelming. Assembled by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKean, the largest and surely most representative group of Tiffany's varied works is preserved at Winter Park in two storages and in a beautiful, small museum, the Morse Gallery of Art on the Rollins College campus. Mr. McKean was for years chancellor of the college and now is chairman of its board. When I was in Florida this spring, a choice section of the collection was on exhibit at the Ringling Museums in Sarasota, but even so a formidable supply still remained in Winter Park. The Ringling show continues through July 13, with another selection planned for next year.

During his life Tiffany emerged as something of a cult hero whose work was both a *succès d'estime* and a hit financially. He lived in luxury surrounded by a world of his own making. Architecture, furniture, windows, lamps, ceramics, glass and metal containers, mosaics, carpets, jewelry—all of this and much more was personally designed by him, even to his famous house, Laurelton



Favrile floriform glass vases by Tiffany—"Shapes taper and flare."

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"We in America were slow to accept the premise that decorative arts were not merely minor arts."

Hall, at Oyster Bay on Long Island. Most of his work was basically utilitarian but so creatively conceived as to qualify as art in the best sense of the word. He also left a sizable group of drawings, watercolors, paintings, and photographs, but it was less in these areas usually associated with the fine arts that he starred. Well before his death in 1933, when he was 85, Tiffany's ebullient amplifications were heading for the attic. America was preparing for a new international style based on the purity of unadorned functionalism. Could any two forces be more antipathetic than the exuberant elaborations of Tiffany and the structural chastity of Mies van der Rohe?

And so we turned our backs on what were considered fussy remnants of the past. There were, of course, other reasons for renouncing Tiffany. We in America were slow to accept the premise that decorative arts were not merely minor arts. How could a window made from colored lumps of glass compete with an authentic oil painting? Nor were we ready to embrace Tiffany's daring idea that art cannot be separated from its total environment. Americans needed years to catch up with his dedication to integrated esthetic surroundings. Had his drive been more obviously cerebral, we might have understood his message sooner. It seems ironic that the Bauhaus (which we deeply admired during the second quarter of our century) adhered to similar principles while yet reacting against any vestige of Tiffany's style. From the German movement came the precept "form follows function," and from Mies the claim that "less is more."

Tiffany, on the other hand, always in love with the abundance of nature, developed richly redundant intertwining structures that seem as closely related to Baroque art as to Art Nouveau. At present both movements enjoy enthusiastic backing, but during the Twenties and Thirties they were more scorned than respected. Americans "in the know" found them decadent and denounced them in sternly pejorative words. Today we have come to enjoy the decadent, to accept it as an inevitable and evocative evolutionary process. Moreover, with broader avenues of communication, education, and travel available, there are no periods in art we now reject. Each has its place in a tangled progression. As for Tiffany, only recently one of his lamps fetched $44,000 at auction. His soaring popularity attests to an eclectic society equally at home with the vagaries of surrealism, the discipline of constructivism, and the realities of inflation.

Though his work is usually identified with Art Nouveau, sharing its emphasis on growing forms and elegant curvilinear ornamentation, his, as a rule, was more innovative, explosive, and inclusive. For him the recycling of life was an underlying motif. Everything he produced was burgeoning, overflowing, overlapping, and bright with promise. His vision never froze into easily labeled idiosyncrasies. It was not until the Tiffany Studios were founded in 1900 that the style he invented slowly took on certain stereotypes, and, though successfully continuing his tradition, the Studios occasionally lapsed into commercialized repetition.

What makes the McKean collection unique is its massive assemblage of objects personally designed and closely supervised by Tiffany himself and often conceived only for his own use. Glass lamps iridescent with flower, leaf, and branch forms, pottery vases metamorphosing into dense vegetation, windows symbolizing seasonal changes, are all typical. Glass, metal, and ceramic containers echo unfolding plants, celery stalks, fern fronds, and trailing blossoms. Everything is asymmetrical, irregular. Shapes taper and flare in inexhaustible profusion; free forms move, twist, undulate, but it is not quixotic or quicksilver images that elevate Tiffany from supercraftsman to artist. It is his genius for turning the commonplace into metaphors of romantic significance. He recognized the familiar only to celebrate its poetic possibilities. Realism becomes almost abstract as it projects the *processes* of expanding life. Everything is in the act of growing.

Though Tiffany's lamps and vases are better known, it is his windows that dominate the Winter Park collection and that may well represent his outstanding achievement. Unlike most Art Nouveau windows, Tiffany's were not the usual variety of painted glass, but, made entirely from multicolored glass itself, they qualify both as windows and as transparent bas-relief sculptures. Borrowing from a medieval technique, he melted sand and potash and then, depending on various metallic oxides, developed a new kind of glass that glowed with innumerable color and textural variations. He called it "Favrile" after the Old French word *fabrile*, meaning "made by hand."

The windows, resembling glass mosaics, respond both to transfusions of external daylight and of interior artificial light. Transparent and shimmering with luminous color during the day, they turn into opaque reliefs at night. For Tiffany, conception and design grew organically from the glass itself. Changing sources of light produced a plethora of images. Probably no one else in history has more astutely exploited the expressive possibilities of glass. He experimented with a "flashed" variety (made with two different colored layers), a "drapery" glass (folded while still molten so that the material resembled a textile). He used chunks of irregularly chipped glass that he himself had manufactured, all for the purpose of greater brilliance and plasticity. At times he superimposed together as many as eight sheets of glass, hoping thus to distill more subtle nuances of light and color. He stopped at nothing. Semiprecious stones, pebbles, abalone shells, and all manner of natural objects were included at will. What resulted was a controlled organization alive with spontaneity.

BEFORE TIFFANY'S spectacular resurrection, he was sometimes criticized as a traditionalist; yet in his handling of materials and freedom of design he was always a maverick, an artist who clung to familiar aspects of nature while yet transforming them into an urgent, highly personal vision. Flowers become open-form vases, vines the sinuous base of a lamp, ocean waves the rippling shape of a bowl. Though he adapted to a variety of materials, he left his most important imprint on works in glass. His rather stolid furniture has always seemed at odds with his fluent achievements in other fields. Superficially influenced by Japanese art, his tables and chairs have a certain pedestrian practicality that lacks the magic we commonly associate with him.

In addition, Tiffany can hardly be considered a distinguished painter, despite canvases, drawings, and watercolors that were skillfully rendered but more interesting as personal documents than

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as inventive statements. Yet they have a nostalgic serenity that often characterizes nineteenth-century American landscapes. After all, Tiffany studied with George Inness while the latter was still producing panoramic views of "Peace and Plenty," a title that artist gave to one of his early paintings. Tiffany's photographs offer another unexpected dividend and prove again his versatility. Not surprisingly, they deal with the out-of-doors and with people in relation to it; for no matter the medium, this idealist never relinquished his love affair with nature.

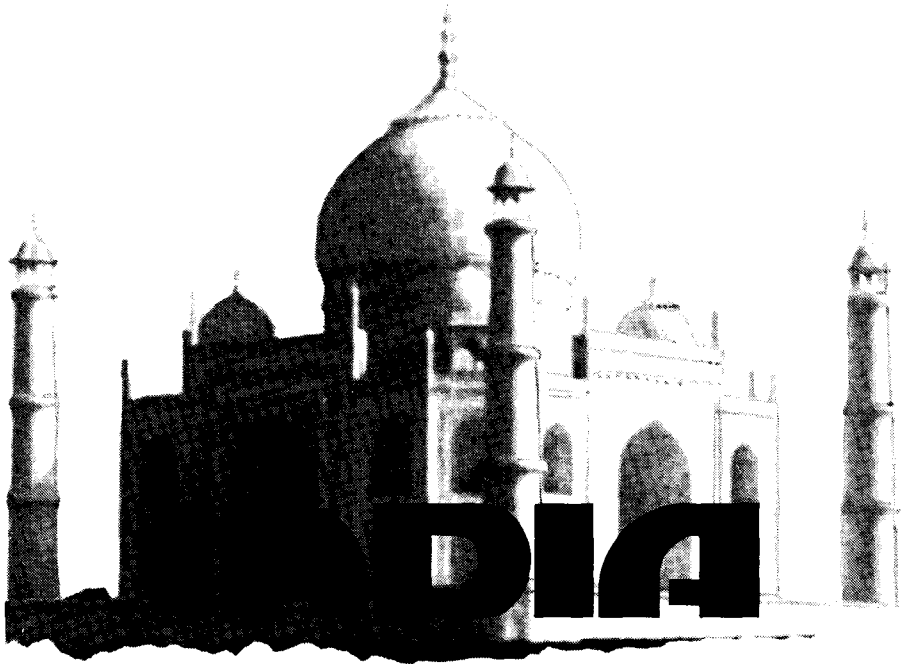
The McKeans have concentrated on Tiffany for some time. In fact, Mr. McKean knew the artist personally when as a student he lived at Laurelton Hall under a Tiffany grant. During the early Twenties, Tiffany had set up a foundation in his own name with the hope of sharing his philosophy and way of life with younger artists. In slightly euphoric terms, Hugh McKean remembers his mentor as a man who was "always well-groomed, handsome, industrious, punctual, orderly, quiet, and kind" and who "loved flowers, gardens, good food, good music, luxury, travel. . . ." No wonder his art was optimistic.

AFTER TIFFANY'S DEATH, Laurelton Hall suffered two fires, the second and most catastrophic in 1957, after which the McKeans acquired several remaining key works, notably the chapel from the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893. Though severely damaged, this masterpiece is still redeemable. The entire collection is a testament to a man and a period. Tiffany's most productive years stem from the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when it was still possible to believe in and practice the good life in America, a fact that may partially explain why his work is reverentially pursued today by a generation harassed by doubts, distrust, and bitter frustrations. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 74

S. J. PERELMAN:
NOSTASIA IN ASIA

I'm just a tourist . . . I came here to see your temples and pagodas, to hobnob with your monks, to steep myself in Buddhism. Man, I sure look forward to that Buddhism—it's the greatest. You know something? It's just about my favorite religion.



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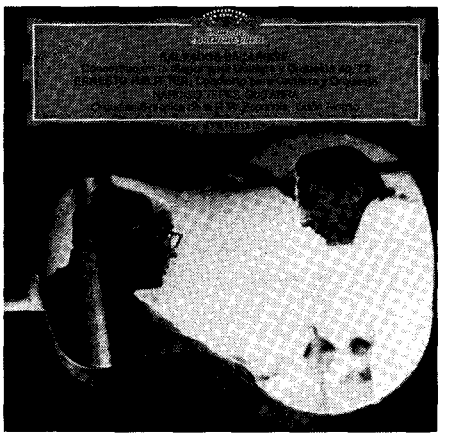
Music to My Ears

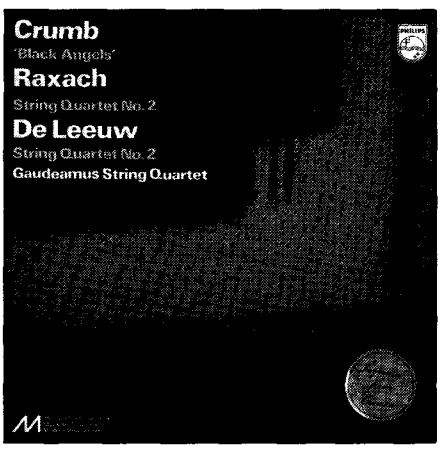
by Irving Kolodin

Fresh Faces and First Encounters



Instrumental

Bacarisse: Concertino (op. 72). Halffter: Concerto (DG). So far as attention in this country is concerned, Salvador Bacarisse is as little known as he was during his lifetime (1898–1963). This previously unrecorded work speaks well for the *madrileño*'s craftsmanship and his discretion in restricting to 20 minutes' length a series of ideas that does not merit more. He evokes eighteenth-century dance forms well suited to the solo guitar, of which Narciso Yepes is a celebrated master. It is, in its unpretentious way, an altogether better piece of music than Ernesto Halffter's now-démodé rearrangements of Falla and Stravinsky clichés. Odón Alonso conducts both works well. 2530 326.



Crumb: "Black Angels." De Leeuw: String Quartet no. 2. Raxach: Quartet no. 2 (Philips). All of these works utilize electronic adjuncts to give the Gaudeamus String Quartet sounds it would not otherwise possess. Only Crumb zeroes in on an imaginative deployment of the combined means to give back the imagery suggested in the title "Black Angels" (Crumb permits himself a reference to Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" that insists on being more memorable than anything else). 500 881.

Daniel Pollack. Bach-Siloti: Organ Prelude in G Minor. Brahms: Capriccio (op. 76, no. 1), Intermezzo (op. 116, no. 4), other works of Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Debussy, Liszt (Columbia). Along with the technical bravura that qualified him for one of the top awards in last year's Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow, Pollack has the mental capacity to translate it into valid music-making: the question is, however, What kind of music? The strong, steely sound he produces is admirably suited to Liszt's "Funérailles," less so to Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," and hardly at all to the Bach-Siloti G minor Organ Prelude. The Brahms piano pieces and Scriabin's Nocturne for the Left Hand Alone are imaginatively formed, but the percussive sound has too little sustained vibrance for this music. Diagnosis: Pollack should either have a change of pianos or amend his way of dealing with the present one. AP 12411.

Stravinsky: Les Noces: Tableaux I and II (1919). Chant du Rossignol (1917). Symphonies of Wind Instrument (Columbia). Both previously unrecorded segments of *Les Noces* differ substantially in instrumentation from the four-piano —orchestra treatment later (1923) propounded as final by Stravinsky. It is certainly stimulating to hear the same material illuminated by other orchestral textures, especially in the bright, sonorous sound achieved by Robert Craft, the Gregg Smith Singers, and the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble in Waldman Auditorium of Columbia University. The other two works, if in no way unfamiliar, are also brilliantly reproduced. M33201.

Wagner: Symphony in C, Overtures: Faust, Rienzi (DG). Even the hardiest record shopper can hardly recall a predecessor for this prime first encounter: a fine-sounding, well-phrased performance of the nearly legendary symphony Wagner wrote in 1832 (aged 19). For all its dependence on the example of Beethoven (Symphonies no. 4 and no. 2), it shows Wagner's nascent sense of thematic elaboration, which came to fulfillment years later in his revolutionary operatic constructions. As performed by the Bamberg Symphony under the direction of Otto Gerdes, it is no mere curio; it is, rather, a coherent link in the unfolding sequence of Wagner's early works now available on records. Gerdes deals capably with the early symphony, but he adds little to the quantity of better performances of the familiar overtures. 2530 194.

Weill: Symphonies nos. 1 and 2 (Philips). Before Kurt Weill wrote such Broadway successes as *One Touch of Venus* and *Knickerbocker Holiday* he was famous as the composer of *Three Penny Opera* and *Mahagonny*. Even before that, he had a separate identity as the composer of such concert-hall works as these. They are the product of his studies with Ferrucio Busoni and have nothing in them remotely like "Mack the Knife" or "September Song." But devotees of Weill will find in these scores the discipline and sense of proportion that characterized all his work. Edo de Waart conducts the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra with an apt sense of style and energetic sympathy. 6500 642.

Vocal

Canciones Españolas. Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, and Narciso Yepes, guitar (DG). The onetime soubrette of many fine performances of *Le Nozze di Figaro* (as Cherubino) and *Il Barbiere* (as Rosina) is now a beautifully versatile singer of 20 *chansons* drawn from the Spanish period of 1230–1557. Individually, any sequence of five is insinuating; as the units multiply, the lack of harmonic variety or dynamic contrast takes its toll. Berganza, however, is unfailingly good and Yepes equal to whatever is asked of the guitar (mostly background figurations). 2530 504.

Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde (Columbia). The list of participants in this version of Mahler's great setting of excerpts from *The Chinese Flute* reads like a Who's Who of Mahlerites: Christa Ludwig, who has participated in a memorable version by Otto Klemperer; Rene

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Kollo, the tenor in Georg Solti's performance with the Chicago Symphony; and Leonard Bernstein, himself responsible for a celebrated effort by the Vienna Philharmonic. However, rather than uniting the specialists with the Israel Philharmonic in a sonorous surrounding that would combine the best of all, the recording has assembled a totality of taped segments of three live performances in Tel Aviv's Mann Auditorium. Its notoriously thin, razor-sharp acoustics give back tonal values closer to black and white than to Mahler's prismatic values. KM 31919.

Miscellaneous

The Johnny Cash Children's Album (Columbia). The familiarly easy manner and clean enunciation qualify folk-pop singer Cash as ideally suited for his unfamiliar role of communicator to children. Animals come and go in the songs, along with legends of the land before it became urbanized. Mrs. Cash (June Carter) joins in from time to time. C 32898.

"Chicago" (Columbia). Typically varied collection by Peter Cetera ("Anyway You Want"), James Pankon ("Brand New Love Affair," Part I–Part II), Robert Lamm ("Never Been in Love Before"), and Terry Kath ("Oh, Thank You Great Spirit"). My favorite, however, is "America Needs You Harry Truman": "The world is turning round, and losing lots of ground"—Robert Lamm at his best. PC 33100.

Janis Ian (Columbia). Nearly 10 years after her hardly bearable success as a teenager in 1966, Janis Ian is looking at the world through 23-year-old eyes—and an even older heart. But the talent is still strong and secure, articulated through such songs as "At Seventeen," "Bright Lights and Promises," "Between the Lines," and "Tea and Sympathy" ("Pass the tea and sympathy, for the good old days long gone"). Not where she was, Janis Ian is not yet where she's going, but as long as she can sing, she's on her way. PC 33394. □

Dance

by Walter Terry

A Huge "Ivan"; a Rousing "Mooche"

The Russian word *bolshoi* means "big," but, as a word, it is not big enough to describe the Bolshoi Ballet's two-act, 18-scene *Ivan the Terrible*. The new ballet by the troupe's artistic director and principal choreographer, Yuri Grigorovitch, is a monumental masterpiece. It is huge in concept, as one would expect of a theme involving a towering character in a lusty, explosive age; it is huge with respect to actual physical staging, with proscenium-high, opaque bronze-hued curtains that silently glide in tremendous circles to reveal arenas of action or to conceal changes of scene or personae. It is, through the theatrical genius of Grigorovitch, huge in its overwhelming power, as passions—in soliloquies, duos, triangles, masses—seethe and surge on stage and threaten to spill over the footlights.

Some balletomanes have been heard to protest, "But it isn't ballet; it's too operatic!" It is both operatic (melodramatic and gloriously exaggerated, as grand opera should be) and balletic (gasp at those flights of virtuosity representing the *magna cum laude* of the *ballet d'école*) in its choreographic structure. More, it is total theater. Further still, it is unmistakably Russian. How wonderful that is! No one else could make ballet more Russian, any more than anyone else can dance the lilting August Bournonville ballets better than the Danes, or the sweeping westward-ho! processionals in *Billy the Kid* better than the Americans.

Grigorovitch, in telling the story of the wild Czar, with his fierce protection of his authority, his tenderness with his Anastasia, his terrible wrath when he goes into battle, his moments of desperate solitude, his revenges, madnesses, and triumphs, has placed the sweetest gentleness in the midst of barbaric splendor. He has balanced the loveliest of *pas de deux* and the shimmering gliding of the women with the thrust of warriors, the frenetic bursts of Ivan with the quiet but inexorable progressions of the reapers of death. The craftsmanship of Grigorovitch is as remarkable as are his choreographic inspirations.

The musical score, drawn from several sources, is by Sergei Prokofiev, arranged by Mikhail Chulaki. The fabulous scenery and costumes are by Simon Virsaladze. The American Gilbert V. Helmsley, Jr., one of our finest artists of theater lighting, both lights and illumines the American presentation (the premiere was April 29 at the Metropolitan Opera House) of the new classic. I saw Yuri Vladimirov and, later, Vladimir Vasiliev as Ivan. Both were impressive, but where the former was excellent, the latter was shattering in his impact. As Anastasia, the wife, Natalia Bessmertnova was superb as both dancer and actress, for her soft, caressive, almost spiritual arm movements were as eloquent as her swift steps and flashing leaps. Boris Akimov, the boyar Prince, was what a villain should be—majestic, not petty. The huge supporting cast—led by the six Bellringers heralding, omening, commenting, participating as a Tartarized Greek chorus—was faultless.

Yuri Grigorovitch, with his new *Ivan*, with his triumphant revision of *Spartacus*, and with his tasteful re-creation of several nineteenth-century ballet classics, is surely leading Russian ballet to a new plane of accomplishment in this century, just as Marius Petipa set the course for ballet in Russia a century ago. In its first U.S. tour with a full company in many years, Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet has brought us other splendid dance experiences, but *Ivan*, as he should, reigns over them all.

ALVIN AILEY, like Grigorovitch, has a new work of which some grouches will ask, "But is it dance?" *The Mooche*, produced by the Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater, may not be a dance or a ballet in the purest sense, but it doesn't matter at all, for it is rousing theater. This is Ailey's choreographic collaboration with the late Duke Ellington's musical tributes to several black women artists whom he knew and admired. *The Mooche* (also the name of a dance) focuses upon four greats: Florence Mills, Mahalia Jackson, Marie Bryant, and Bessie Smith. The choreographer has made his dance portraits reflect not only the personality of each performer but also her performing characteristics. Thus Sara Yarborough, as Miss Jack-

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son, not only dresses in very dignified, churchlike garb but also moves with majesty, a quiet ecstasy, and a curious quality of benediction. With the others, you will find a time-step, a roving eye, an adventuresome pelvis, and, as in the case of Judith Jamison as Miss Smith, an over-the-shoulder glance at the audience that is as accurate as an arrow hitting the bull's-eye.

Rouben Ter-Arutunian's glittering decor, with mirrors and panels and electric-light signs, is sheer Harlem heaven of a bygone nightspot era, and Randy Barcelo's costumes must surely make any other New York fashion show currently on view as drab as a display of dresses for Little Prudy or Dottie Dimple. In addition to the great performances by the misses Jamison and Yarborough, those by Estelle Spurlock as Miss Mills and Sarita Allen as Miss Bryant deserve absolutely equal praise.

The springtime Ailey season at the City Center 55th Street Theater had lots more going for it, choreographically and in performing highlights, but *The Mooche* walked off with special honors as an irresistible piece of theater that need not be classified as either dance or ballet but can be hailed as "show biz deluxe."

MR. AILEY'S TROUPE is interracial; Arthur Mitchell's Dance Theatre of Harlem, which played a spring season on Broadway at the Uris, not only is black but is a black classical ballet company, the only one in the world. It is barely six years old and this was only its second Broadway try, but it succeeded in establishing its place in the ballet business. That Mitchell and Karel Shook have created in such a short time a troupe of well-disciplined young dancers is something of a miracle—as has already been noted by reporters and critics. In certain of the performers, polish as well as basic discipline is emerging. The DTH's dancing of George Balanchine's *Agon* is first-rate; the execution of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco* is only slightly less so; the performing of the *Don Quixote* showpiece duet is very unstylish; yet, oddly, the even more difficult *pas de deux* from *Le Corsaire* is done with great éclat. Some of the contemporary ballets are, at best, serviceable, some (such as the new *After Corinth*) are embarrassingly bad, and others (*Rhythmetron*, for example) are highly effective repertory pieces.

The Dance Theatre of Harlem is at that difficult age—perhaps equivalent to early teen age—when it cannot be viewed as a *wunderkind* much longer but must place itself in competition with far more experienced dance groups. Under the team of Mitchell and Shook, it will not settle for being a black novelty but will develop into a black product needed and esteemed in the world's swiftly growing dance market. Its past youthful successes presage the mature accomplishments already in view.

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, young as it is, finds itself more than the object of municipal pride, for its dancers not only have delighted New Yorkers but also have won cheers from the country at large and from sophisticated audiences abroad. This deserved recognition is also a challenge; thus, the DTH now needs to gauge its repertory strengths and deficiencies and seek a choreographic path suitable to both the prowess and the promise of its dancers. □

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

Too Much

I suppose it's fair to say that the late Jacqueline Susann's prominence in the literary world was due less to her writing ability than to her feat of topping the best-seller lists with three novels in succession. *The Guinness Book of World Records* lists her *Valley of the Dolls* as the best-selling novel of all time, an achievement of overriding importance to Ms. Susann, I suspect, although she also attached great importance to laboring hard and long over her works—even in her last years, while she was racked with cancer. However, once her books were written, the promotion and selling was an equally laborious part of her process, and no TV or radio talk show, however limited in reach, escaped her attention. Even so, the number of copies sold attests to her vast appeal to the reading public.

In the film made of her last book, *Once Is Not Enough*, her basic ingredients are on display once more. She dealt with fame, luxury, and glamour, with the pleasures and perils of success, the tribulations of love and sex, and with people who had identifiable public counterparts —all in terms so brash and simple that anyone who read gossip columns, perused fan and fashion magazines while under the hair-dryer, and who watched Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, and their guests, knew the glossy world she was writing about. Her form was literary soap opera; yet she had undeniable narrative ability. Others have tried to emulate her methods, some cynically, but it didn't work. She had the touch. Her seriousness about her work was unsullied by irony or humor. Perhaps luckily, she lacked the profundity and sensitivity to penetrate much under the façade of her particular milieu.

The screenwriter for *Once Is Not Enough* was that famous old hand Julius J. Epstein, and the director was Guy Green—both have obviously striven to remain true to the Susann spirit. Each character is quickly identified in comically superlative terms, much like a filmic use of capital letters. Movie producer Mike Wayne (Kirk Douglas) once had a GOLDEN TOUCH (his TWO Oscars glisten hugely behind the credits) but has now met FAILURE. His BEAUTIFUL daughter, January (Deborah Raffin), is on the mend in Switzerland after A DREADFUL motorcycle accident and FIVE CRITICAL operations. To recoup his fortunes and provide for January, Mike marries the WORLD'S FIFTH RICHEST WOMAN (Alexis Smith), who is carrying on a secret affair with a WORLD-FAMOUS RETIRED AND RECLUSIVE ACTRESS (Melina Mercouri). The daughter comes home to a FABULOUS SUITE in the HOTEL PIERRE on FIFTH AVENUE, only to learn that it is one of the several abodes of her SUPER-RICH STEPMOTHER. This is a TRAUMATIC SHOCK to January, who now REALIZES the straits her CHARMING but FAILED FATHER is in.

Once you get the hang of it, the movie is kind of fun (though it is not intended as such). Indeed, it's all played with solemn and respectful conviction by the cast, which includes David Janssen as a PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING NOVELIST, who DRINKS TO EXCESS and BRAWLS IN BARS, perhaps to disguise his IMPOTENCE. January, though, manages to arouse him to LOVE AND LUST again, after she has fallen in love with this MUCH OLDER MAN and taken him away from Brenda Vaccaro, who plays the YOUNGEST EDITOR of a women's magazine, appropriately called *Gloss*. This lady, by the way, has managed to transform herself from being FAT AND HOMELY to VOLUPTUOUS ATTRACTIVENESS through dieting and plastic surgery, and she SLEEPS AROUND AT THE DROP OF A BELT BUCKLE. The anguished climax of the film comes when the novelist wants to break off the affair and return to his drinking; he tells January that they had something once, but now it's over. At which point January cries out despairingly, "BUT ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH!" We, the audience, then realize that the movie is about January's encounter with the distressing REALITIES OF LIFE AND LOVE, and that henceforth she will be WISER but SADDER, and perhaps she will turn to her ASTRONAUT friend, who has WALKED ON THE MOON. If you take the movie in this light vein, it can be enjoyed; otherwise, beware.

Mary Ellen Mark

Bruce Dern as Big Bob in Smile—*"Moving up in the star hierarchy."*

FOR GENUINE COMIC RELIEF I recommend a film called *Smile*, which may turn out to be something of a sleeper, much as *American Graffiti* was. During an occasional idle hour I've watched those beauty pageants that turn up on television and wondered about the people involved with them. Michael Ritchie, the talented director of *Downhill Racer* and *The Candidate*, has provided me with a candid, delightfully humorous glimpse of what transpires behind the scenes when a town in California hosts a contest called Young American Miss Pageant, under the supervision of an organization called the Santa Rosa Jay Cees and Lions. When 25 nubile finalists converge on the town's Veterans' Memorial Auditorium, their presence serves as a means of examining some of the more curious folkways prevalent in our time.

Ritchie, with the aid of his able screenwriter, Jerry Belson, has avoided out-and-out satire as he explores the ways of a beauty-and-talent contest and the local attitudes toward it. Not that there isn't a cutting edge to the goings-on. But he seems to feel downright affectionate toward the girls he recruited to play the contestants. One is a Mexican-American who tries to win over the judges by providing them with samplings of her guacamole dip; another demonstrates how to pack a suitcase so as to avoid creases in the clothes. The Mexican girl also has a flaming-baton act, which other contestants manage to sabotage—with hilarious results. Michael Kidd appears in the film as a Hollywood choreographer hired for the occasion. But top honors must go to Bruce Dern as Santa Rosa's biggest booster, owner of a

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mobile-home dealership, and the contest's chief judge.

Dern is a solidly skilled actor and, through a series of expert performances, he has been moving up in the star hierarchy. Here he is so quietly authoritative as Big Bob that he might well have sold mobile homes in Santa Rosa all his life. A great help, too, is Barbara Feldon as a frustrated former contestant who is now a "mother hen" for the girls. Neither emphasized nor neglected are the sexual overtones of the contest. The girls are pretty, after all, and on display, and some of the local teenagers want to participate in the excitement the girls cause. The contest's grand finale is so vividly caught by Ritchie and his photographer, Conrad Hall, that it seems the real thing. As, in a way, it was: the director recruited 1,500 townspeople for the audience and kept from them the identity of the girl chosen by him as the winner. Not even she knew, I am told, and her joyful tears are as spontaneous as any of those moving moments we see on television. Among the girls are some who are obviously going on to other movies. Joan Prather, Maria O'Brien, and Melanie Griffith particularly caught my fancy, as did the entire film.

YOU MAY REMEMBER that in that grimy, chase-filled thriller, *The French Connection,* the mastermind behind the Marseilles–New York heroin ring slipped the police net arranged by Popeye. In *French Connection II,* Popeye, in the person of Gene Hackman, is on detached duty in Marseilles, working with the French police; he is the only one who can identify the suavely evil Monsieur Charnier. The sequel takes us through seamy Marseilles streets and alleys, explores the waterfront, and has some colorful chase sequences of its own.

Hackman not only repeats his award-winning role but improves on it. John Frankenheimer, working with a tight, surprisingly believable script, adds considerable character to the new material, and comes up with his best job of direction since his vaunted *The Manchurian Candidate.* If the film doesn't have the furious energy of the first one, it has its own excellences. A heroin-processing plant is exactingly re-created, and Frankenheimer makes quite marvelous use of crowds and backgrounds. Fernando Rey is back as Charnier, and there are solid performances by a mostly French cast. Of the thriller form, this is surely one of the best. □

Theater

by Henry Hewes

The Tonys Reconsidered

British actor Anthony Hopkins is having quite a year for himself. His performance as the troubled psychiatrist in *Equus* not only is a triumph of sustained suppressed emotion; it also deftly directs the audience's attention to every precise irony the playwright has fabricated. At each performance his explosive delivery of a speech about the doctor's own hang-ups—ending with "and then *I* go off to the hospital to treat *him* for insanity!"—draws a burst of applause not only from the legion of former psychiatric patients in the audience but also from admirers of acting skill.

In May the Authors and Celebrities Forum honored authors F. Lee Bailey (*For the Defense*) and Norman Cousins (*The Celebration of Life*), and Hopkins. The award to Hopkins was for both his performance in *Equus* and his portrayal of a more legally guilty doctor in the longest TV movie ever made, ABC's six-hour *QB VII.* On presenting the award, master of ceremonies Larry Blyden quipped that Hopkins deserved the award just for learning the lines, but added, "Whatever Tony says in a play or film may not be earthshaking, but by the time he's finished you think it is."

It is most appropriate that he receive this award at this time, because of the storm of outrage that followed the failure of the American Theatre Wing Tony Awards Committee to include him as one of the six actors it was permitted to nominate as Best Dramatic Actor in a Leading Role. This member of the committee has encountered several of the 450 people eligible to vote for the Tonys who have since said they would have voted for Hopkins in preference to John Kani and Winston Ntshona, who won the award for their performances in *Sizwe Banzi Is Dead* and *The Island,* or to the five other nominees—Jim Dale (*Scapino*), Henry Fonda (*Clarence Darrow*), Ben Gazzara (*Hughie*), John Wood (*Sherlock Holmes*), and Peter Firth (*Equus*). However, Hopkins is in good company as a non-nominee. James Earl Jones (*Of Mice and Men*), Charles Grodin (*Same Time, Next Year*), Alec McCowen (*The Misanthrope*), Rex Harrison (*In Praise of Love*), and Donald Sinden (*London Assurance*) were also neglected for contributions no less outstanding than those of the nominees. And Frank Langella (*Seascape*), Larry Blyden (*Absurd Person Singular*), and George Rose (*My Fat Friend*) received nominations only by being placed in the Best Supporting or Featured Dramatic Actor category, despite the fact that they had star billing in their respective shows. Any one of these 16 actors could have been judged best.

Van Williams

Anthony Hopkins as the professionally guilty Dr. Martin Dysart in Equus.

The injustice to Hopkins and to the others shrieks out for a constructive reshaping of the whole Tony Awards procedure. To begin with, it is a complete fiction that awards represent some absolute judgment of comparative achievement. How can an expert characterization like Hopkins's be weighed against Kani and Ntshona's anguished exploration of their own lives in South Africa? And even if it could, the awards are sometimes decided by a margin of only one vote. This means that the result could be changed by the mere accident of a couple of Tony voters' having to disqualify themselves because they missed one of the six performances nominated within a category. And there is the famous case of Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud's giving (in *Home*) what a ma-

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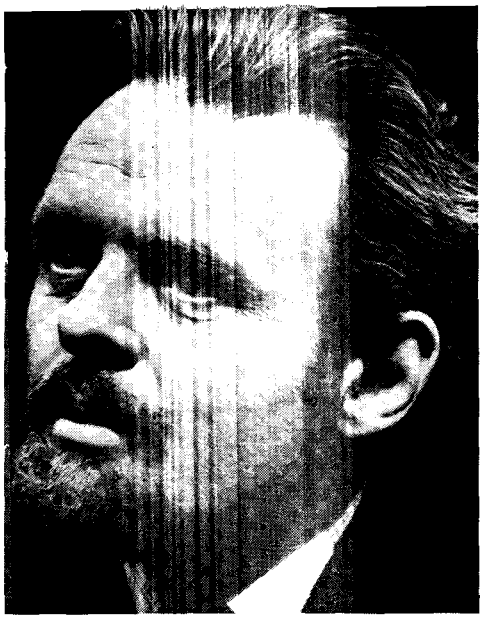

Hopkins as the legally and morally guilty Dr. Adam Kelno in QB VII.

jority of the voters considered the two best performances of the 1970–71 season, only to split the vote and lose to a star who should have finished third.

Therefore most critics in their infinite wisdom regard awards as a valuable nuisance, helpful because they stimulate interest in the theater. They deeply regret the fact that artists and theatergoers take these awards for something more than what was intended to be a friendly competition and an affectionate tribute.

Besides the complaint that Tony Awards rules made it impossible to include all the aforementioned stars on the ballot for Best Male Dramatic Actor, there were other difficulties. Actress Rita Moreno, who is one of three performers whose name appears above the title in *The Ritz* (even though she is onstage considerably less than half the time), enthusiastically accepted the award as Best Supporting or Featured Dramatic Actress and then publicly complained that she shouldn't have been in this lesser category and expressed sympathy for the non-starred actress who by rights should have won this award. One wonders what might have been Ms. Moreno's response if she had been telephoned by the nominating committee and asked, "Because your splendid performance has failed to receive a nomination in the star category, we are considering nominating you in the Dramatic Supporting or Featured Actress category, where, incidentally, you would be favored to win. Do you prefer that we do this or that you not be nominated at all?"

The ultimate answer to both the Hopkins and the Moreno problems requires two changes. First of all, the artists involved should realize that the Tony Awards telecast is a celebration where all who make their livings in the theater happily put aside their own self-interests to help sustain the theater. This year's telecast was built around the theme of memorable sketches from past musicals that played in the Winter Garden, where the ceremonies took place, and was generally hailed as superior to the other televised award shows. And so that the awards would attract a large national audience, it was important that there be as generous as possible a sprinkling of glamorous and historic names among the performers and competitors. Certainly the performers and presenters' roster, which included the 91-year-old Joe Smith of Smith and Dale, was a good one, even though it missed the presence of such former Winter Garden stars as Barbra Streisand (*Funny Girl*), Tammy Grimes (*The Unsinkable Molly Brown*), Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard (*Peter Pan*), and Ethel Waters (*At Home Abroad*). And among the nominees, the glamorous complement was swelled by the fact that several stars had put aside their anger at being nominated in a lesser category and attended anyway.

Secondly, the rules should be changed so that the list of nominees within the star categories could include as many as 16 (if warranted). And as many as three of these could receive awards provided they polled a high percentage of a vote in which the voters would be asked to pick their three favorites. Indeed in her new book, *The Tony Award*, Isabelle Stevenson points out that in its early years the Tonys were awarded for distinguished achievement rather than for "bests," with as many as three leading actors receiving Tonys. (For instance, in 1948 Tonys went to Henry Fonda (*Mister Roberts*), Paul Kelly (*Command Decision*), and Basil Rathbone (*The Heiress*), and to Judith Anderson (*Medea*), Katharine Cornell (*Antony and Cleopatra*), and Jessica Tandy (*A Streetcar Named Desire*).

As one who has served on Tony nominating committees, I am aware of the unsatisfactoriness of hurriedly deciding in one short session the list of nominees. For instance, in my opinion the score of *Mack and Mabel* should have been nominated for Best Score, and I believe that if we had been allowed a second session in which we re-examined our initial choices, we would have corrected this and any other oversight.

An even more significant failure on our part resulted when at the end of our precipitous and exhausting session we were unable to arrive at a well-considered agreement about voting awards for the Best Off-Broadway production, the Best Off-Broadway Actor, and the Best Off-Broadway Actress. These awards were established in January to be given or not given, at the nominating committee's discretion. Unfortunately, some of the committee members had not seen such leading contenders as the extraordinary La Mama Repertory Troupe production of *Trilogy*, the Circle Repertory Company's *The Sea Horse*, Richard Wesley's *The Sirens* at the Manhattan Theatre Club, Barbara Barrie's remarkable performance in the Public Theatre's staging of *The Killdeer*, or Conchata Ferrell's moving portrayal as the tortured protagonist of *The Sea Horse*. And among those who had, there was no conclusive decision about the comparative merits of these outstanding contributions to theater in New York City. Furthermore, some of these efforts were closer to the proliferating jungle of Off-Off-Broadway than to an Off-Broadway decimated by prohibitive costs. Under the circumstances, the committee voted that the first Tony Off-Broadway Awards be postponed until next season, by which time the procedural problems could be corrected, but it also recommended a Special Tony Award for *Trilogy*.

The theater needs the glamour of Broadway and the best aspects of professionalism it stimulates. Yet the American Theatre Wing, the League of New York Theaters, and Alexander H. Cohen, who produces the TV Tony Awards show, are gradually coming to recognize that much of the best current American theater is occurring Off-Broadway, Off-Off-Broadway, and in the resident theaters around the country, and that this fact should be given recognition even if it has to be off-camera.

As for this year's nominating committee, I can report one more shocking piece of information. In 17 of the 18 categories the nominee who received the greatest number of votes within the committee went on to win the popular vote. How could such an elite body have so strayed from refined taste and superior judgment? □

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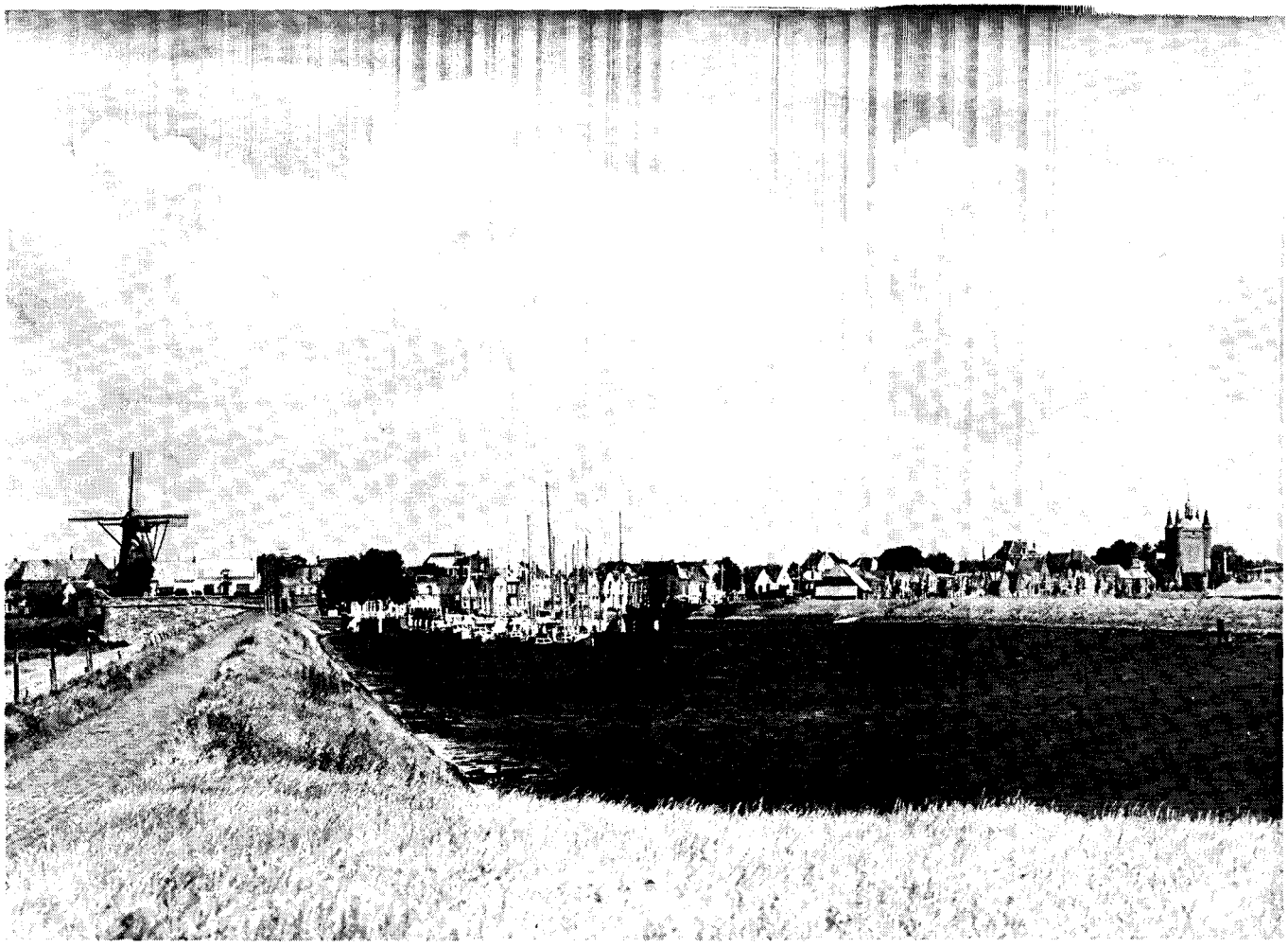

Netherlands National Tourist Office

Zierikzee—"Sea gulls fly noisy sorties; the bandstand waits with the patience of centuries for days of celebration."

On a Note of High Zee

by Horace Sutton

Back when we were kids, we had a favorite conundrum. "What is the largest plumbing job in the world?" was the question. And the answer was "Flushing, Long Island." That never-fail knee-slapper welled up out of the lobal archives the other morning as I was driving over the vast flatlands of Walcheren Island in the province of Zeeland, Holland's far southwest.

There on a breeze-swept point stood Flushing, one foot in the North Sea, the other in the estuary that leads through 30 miles of farmlands to the Belgian seaport of Antwerp. It had nothing to do with the Flushing I knew which, as a semi-rural annex of New York City, had been used as the locale for the ill-timed New York World's Fair of 1939–1940, as well as for a temporary home for the United Nations. More than either of those momentous interludes of civic history, it was also the home of my Aunt Eva, a lady of inordinate charm and Old World mannerisms who put cherry preserves in tea, decorated chocolate cakes with silver beads and swirls of mocha, and filled the arms of this city boy with flowers to take back to the cement canyons where I lived.

Aunt Eva, in my mind, *was* Flushing, and so I had an inordinate interest in visiting the original where, as I was to find out, a group of English dissidents lived before sailing for the New World in 1644 to establish Flushing, N.Y., the world's largest plumbing job.

While in residence in Zeeland, the English also set about anglicizing the Dutch name of the town, which was, and remains, Vlissingen. (The French have their own version: Flessingue.) The English link with Vlissingen became more pronounced in the 1870s, when rail service reached this Zeeland outpost from populous centers at Rotterdam and

Playing dress-up on Walcheren—living in reclusion, alone with the sea.

Foto A.N.V.N.: The Hague, Holland

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Amsterdam. What with the boat service across the stretch of the North Sea to Britain, Vlissingen emerged as a prime port of entry for travelers en route to the Continent.

As tintypes on the wall of the Grand Hotel Britannia attest, the sand beaches of Zeeland became a favored watering hole for visiting Britons, as well as a traditional first night's stay for those eager to push onward to the metropolitan centers of Europe. The hotel was completely rebuilt in 1960, and now that a new ferry service has begun between Sheerness, some 50 miles from London, and Vlissingen, the seaside city has found itself in the middle of a revival. The Olau-Line, whose ships make the crossing in seven hours, is advertising the route as the "Motorway to Europe," and indeed it is right, for Zeeland is a splendid off-trail province to probe by car before plunging into more celebrated areas.

Vlissingen itself, as the obvious beginning, is a mariner's delight, with a broad promenade running along the edge of the sea, ships riding at anchor waiting to enter the estuary to load at Antwerp, and memories of the old Dutch East India Company, which maintained a headquarters here in the seventeenth century. The old prison tower of Dutch East India times has become a café-restaurant. The memory of Dutch seapower stands resolute in the statue of Michiel de Ruyter, the fabled admiral who twice defeated the British fleet, once in English waters at Chatham.

It is a scant four miles from the seaside neighborhoods of Vlissingen to Middelburg, the capital of Zeeland, which the Council of Europe tapped for special honors during this, the European Architectural Heritage Year. With 1,100 of its buildings ordained as monuments of historical note, it ranks, among Dutch cities, only after Amsterdam and Maastricht, in the Dutch panhandle near Germany.

A tenacious lot who have been battling the sea for centuries, the Zeelanders held out against the invading Germans in 1940, a show of valor that the Wehrmacht rewarded by bombing 600 buildings to dust, including the celebrated town hall on the Markt, a 500-year-old example of high Flemish style, and the thirteenth-century abbey with its fourteenth-century tower, *De Lange Jan* or, less elegantly, "Long John."

The prime historical buildings and many of the houses lining the old cobbled streets have been restored, turning Middelburg into a pin-clean principality that evokes the high life of the seventeenth century, when the Dutch East India and the Dutch West India companies used Middelburg as a center for world trade. Gabled houses and small hotels line the canals, where big Esso barges wait for the swinging bridge to open. The antique shop windows are filled with brass, and the restored Nieuwe Burg is a brick walkway scattered with flowerpots and lined with handsome shops.

Tours are conducted now through the town hall, the centerpiece of Middelburg, which was started in 1452, finished in 1520, and then rebuilt again after the war. The 25 stone statues of the counts and countesses who held sway over Zeeland repose above its windows, along with a 1910 statue of Queen Wilhelmina with Juliana, then a princess, on her lap. Heraldic seals honor the medieval trades, among them dairymaid, cooper, scientist, and bagpiper. Two Flemish tapestries, the only things saved from the fire-bombing of 1940, hang in Citizens' Hall, where concerts are held now. Under the arched wooden ceiling of one public chamber, merchants once sold cloth imported from Belgium. Meat was sold in the Vleeshal downstairs, now a salon for art exhibitions.

Market day is still the high point of Middelburg's week, when Zeeland women dress in folk costume, complete with starched coif, and come to town. The cobbled streets lined with gabled houses, many of them marked with names and symbols—*de dolfijn*, complete with gilded porpoise, is one—are a backdrop, almost too perfect to appear uncontrived, for the costumed village folk. The scene, so ready for a postcard-maker's camera, is a reminder of the time when Zeeland was one of the richest provinces in the land, trading heavily with the East India Company. It is a reminder, too, that before the Delta Plan of building dikes across the tidal estuaries, a project begun in the Fifties, Zeeland with its three separate islands lived in reclusion alone with the sea.

The abbey, restored now, along with *De Lange Jan*, is the seat of Zeeland's

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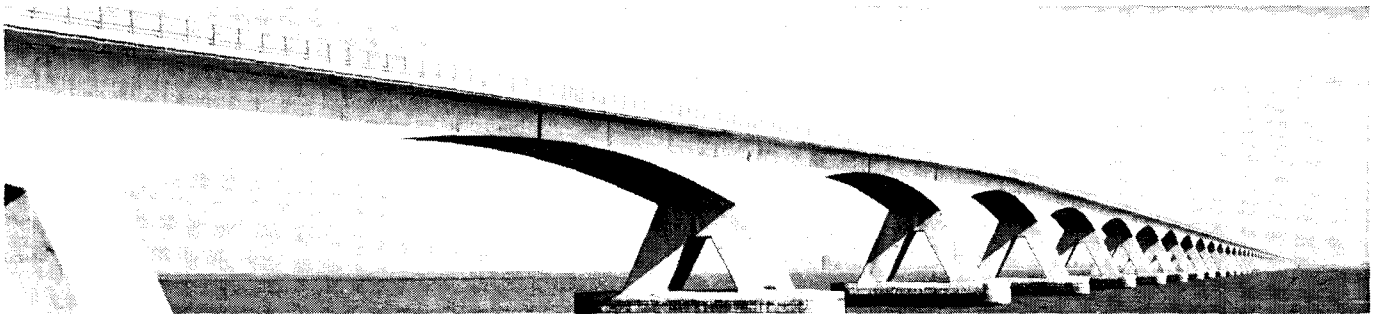

Netherlands National Tourist Office

Zeeland Bridge—Windmills on the plain, ponies and lambs on the clipped greens, and warm memories of Aunt Eva.

provincial government. A sound-and-light performance (it comes out somewhat less romantically in Dutch as *Klank en Licht*) brings this ancient enclave to life every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday night in summer, and a lovely restaurant with paneled walls and leaded-glass windows spills out onto the cobblestones under the shade of an arbor. The Zeeuws Museum, in an old quarter of the abbey, displays everything from Roman altars to Zeeland costumes.

On Markt Square, De Huifkar (the covered wagon) is an agreeable place to dine, and the newly redone Baron Chassé, a venerable patrician townhouse, now a small hotel, is a charming place to stay, as long as one is not expecting Marriott and Hilton amenities. Of the 20 rooms, 5 have private bath. The Baron Chassé was built in 1730 for a patrician family and later occupied by the baron, a general famed, at least in these parts, for his defense of the citadel at Antwerp. The old halls and the doors are adorned with carvings, and the ceilings in the sitting room, the bar, and the restaurant are decorated with a prime collection of plaster flowers, shells, and other embellishments popular during the Regency period.

While Middelburg was occupied with its trade with the Indies, east and west, the port of Veere was immersed in wool trade with Scotland. Scots wool-merchants settled in the *Schotse Huizen*, the "Scots houses," now a museum. In those days the city had a population of 10,000—some put the figure even higher—but now there are only 1,000 residents. Although it lost its trade during the Napoleonic wars, the Delta plan, which started here in 1956, has made it a center for water sports and a marina utilized by Belgians who keep their boats here.

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY Campveerse Toren, once a part of the city's fortifications, is an inn of elegance and renown. With water on three sides, and the North Sea so handy, its restaurant, not unexpectedly, makes a specialty of fish. Sole is offered six different ways, although at eye-popping prices—$10 an entrée, even more for grilled eel. The *table-d'hôte* menu for spenders, listed at $16, will bring smoked eel, lobster bisque, sole Véronique, and peaches in sabayon sauce. But take heart. Half a lobster, served cold, will relieve the fancier of $14. There are 8 Spartan hotel rooms (two with bath), at $8 a night, breakfast included, and a dozen more rooms in an annex. For Americans on a budget, the moral might be: don't stay for lunch or dinner. On the other hand, one ought to stay long enough—damn the expense—to admire the windmill on the plain, the church that Napoleon requisitioned as a hospital for his wounded troops, ponies and lambs on the clipped greens, and the boats clustered in the harbor.

The dam that was built to connect Walcheren to North Beveland meant the end of Veere as a fishing port, but it formed the great lake of Veerse Meer and ensured Veere's future as a haven for water sportsmen. Ten years ago Queen Juliana opened the Zeeland Bridge, the longest in Europe, connecting North Beveland with Schouwen-Duiveland, more than a mile away. The bridge has cut the 90-mile run from Rotterdam to Flushing to 70 miles.

It would be difficult to find a more irresistible capital than Zierikzee, the tenth-century seaport that is the principal city of Schouwen-Duiveland. Cut off from the world by water, it can be entered only over its narrow bridges and through its medieval gates. Seagulls fly noisy sorties over the narrow houses that shoulder each other for room along the cobbled streets. Fishing boats ride placidly at their moorings, and the bandstand waits with the patience of centuries for days of celebration.

EVEN IN THIS MINUSCULE settlement, somehow preserved almost as it was 400 years ago, a visitor can come upon sophisticated fare in Mondragon at Oude Haven no. 13. Seafood with four different sauces was the specialty not to be turned away the night I was there. But any mariner in search of comfort could surely find it at Mondragon's Sailors' Grill, where half a dozen oysters with toast, butter, and lemon is $3.20 (modest by Dutch standards); a double Dutch gin is served in a crock, along with an olive; and a *spatje* whiskey is served *met Seven-Up*. Even the outreaches of Zeeland is Uncola country. □

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

A Fanfare for Casanova

Forget everything you ever assumed about Casanova. Forget the erotic passages for which you scrambled, and over which you slavered, in your adolescence.

Giovanni Casanova was a superlative writer, a delicious wit, a master of confessional literature, and one of the shrewdest observers (and sociologists) you could find. He was also one of the most fascinating rascals and adventurers who ever lived.

His *Story of My Life* (or *Mémoires*) has few peers—not for its amorous escapades, which are recounted with dignity and are truly romantic, but for the melodrama of the man's experiences and exploits and the astute insights that sparkle through his tales.

What writer of fiction can hope, by whatever prodigies of imagination, to come within hailing distance of his story? Fantastic episodes and characters parade across his pages: popes, kings, generals, cardinals, courtesans, ambassadors, and beautiful young ladies galore.

All the pageantry, panache, and intrigue of the grandiloquent eighteenth century transport the reader to (hold your hat) Venice, Rome, Constantinople, Paris, Prague, Vienna, Geneva (Casanova visited Voltaire), London (he was presented at the court and fled England after faking a bill of exchange), Berlin (Frederick the Great offered him a job tutoring the Pomeranian Cadet Corps), St. Petersburg (he met, but did *not* seduce—or surrender to—that tireless nymphomaniac Catherine the Great), Warsaw, Naples, and so on.

Who else has led such a razzle-dazzle life or chronicled it so unforgettably? Casanova's panorama is unmatched, I think, for range, vividness, and bravado.

This altogether unique, gifted Spanish-Italian wrote his memoirs at 72(!). He wrote them in French, because that tongue was "more widely known than my own." He said that if he really grew wise before he died, he would "burn the entire manuscript." We are immeasurably enriched because he did not.

Let me cite some of his aphorisms and ironies; they should electrify the least electrifiable reader. He starts his preface off by professing a deep faith in Christianity—"fortified by philosophy, which never hurt anyone"—and proceeds to toss off epigrams worthy of La Rochefoucauld or Mencken (the least honored humorist in American letters) or "Kin" Hubbard, an unlacquered Hoosier Wilde:

"Man is free; but not if he doesn't believe it."

"Strength without confidence is useless."

"I was always the victim of my senses; I delighted in going astray. . . . I hope, dear reader, that instead of finding my story one of strutting boasts, you will find neither the pretense of repentance nor the hypocrisy of one who blushes—whilst confessing his shameless escapades."

"Sensual pleasure was the major concern of my life; I never found any occupation more important. The truth is that I felt I was born for the opposite sex: I always loved them—and did all I could to make myself loved by them."

"All my life, I loved truth passionately—so passionately that I would lie in order to introduce truth into minds ignorant of its allure."

"Oh, boredom! The cruelty of boredom! I think the inventors of Hell did not include boredom among the horrors of Hades because they forgot to."

"When you fool a fool, you strike a blow for intelligence."

"Whether my story be worthy or not, my subject is my life—and my life is my sole subject." (This could be right out of Montaigne.)

"Those who forget a wrong do not forgive it; they only forget it."

"I realized that I was the cause of all the misfortunes which befell me; but I value my ability to be my own pupil, and my duty to love my teacher."

"Whether it is happy or unhappy, a man's life is the only treasure he can ever possess. Those who do not love life do not deserve it."

What gives me the pip is how few anthologists of "great thoughts" ever seem to have discovered the cornucopia of gems in the work of this genius. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 48

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 57.

His last hour — — — — — — — —. No man cometh nigh
To — — — — — — — — him
who on the block must die.
He — — — — — — — — what is
due him. Trunk and head
Will tumble soon into one — — — — — — — — bed.

A. S.

"Something strong enough to push him into puberty."

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(**Dialogue:** *continued from page 20.*)

de Beauvoir: If you put it in the past tense, yes, but society must change. Just as you don't pay someone for cleaning his teeth or his hands, so in the same way each one will have his own work: wash his own dishes, clean his own corner, make his own bed, and so on. Thus the very notion of housework will disappear.

Friedan: A point on motherhood. I think that it is neither good, nor necessarily desirable, to renounce all of the values of motherhood as long as one has a choice and as long as girls are not conditioned to think they must, or should, spend their whole lives in that role. Then one can affirm whatever values really exist in motherhood.

de Beauvoir: There are values in fatherhood, too, but no one ever mentions that. Yes, there are values, but doubtful, dubious values, because at the same time one must see how the child is treated. The liberation of children is a very interesting idea. Now, the child becomes the object of the parents. The relationship between parents and children is very difficult.

Friedan: How then would you suggest that we perpetuate the human race?

de Beauvoir: There are enough people on earth!

Friedan: I want to talk a minute about love and marriage and sex in their relation to the Women's Movement. I think that a sexual relationship with a man is not something that is necessarily bad or negative or the enemy of women's liberation. One should be able to really enjoy it. What subverts sex is woman's inferior role in society all day long, her lack of self-worth. The dehumanization of sex, the exploitation of sex, and the machismo of the male are bred by women's inequality. When this is changed, there can be real sexual liberation.

de Beauvoir: One must achieve a sexual or love relationship that is not an oppressive relationship, one that would no longer be a "caste" relationship. As it is now, the relationship is one of a higher caste in relation to a lower caste.

Friedan: When women have real economic independence, when we have our own identity, when we feel as good about ourselves as people as men are able to—which may also make it easier for men to feel good about themselves—we can then relate on a basis of equality and mutual respect for each other's person. Would you not then believe that the need and the possibility of love and sexual intimacy could be fulfilled?

de Beauvoir: Of course, but we're so far from sexual equality.

Friedan: I think you tackle the question of sex by tackling equality, not by renouncing or urging women to renounce love or sexual relationships.

de Beauvoir: Of course not, but a woman can love a man or a woman as she wants in a world of equality. While it is not equal, she takes a big risk.

Friedan: I have often quoted something I first read in your work. You said that a woman feels debased in sex because she has the underneath position. You felt, and I agree with you, that she was merely expressing her resentment at being underneath in society generally.

de Beauvoir: Certainly, it's a cultural fact.

Friedan: So, it is not sex that reduces women; it is society.

de Beauvoir: Absolutely. But sex becomes the symbol of what society does.

Friedan: When we change society, we can choose our sexuality.

de Beauvoir: I quite agree.

Friedan: To get back to the political: it is my opinion that women, in liberating themselves from passivity, will no longer be so easily manipulated and will no longer be a conservative and reactionary force. That is what I think the threat to the established power groups is. But can women liberate themselves if they do not also relate themselves to the larger political questions of the time?

de Beauvoir: I think that politics as it exists does not interest me. Personally, I do not vote. What interests me is the work that certain feminist movements and certain young revolutionary movements can do—to sap this regime but not play their game. Their politics is not to take part in politics. They feel that feminist politics is not to take part in this man's fight. Up to a certain point I agree, depending on the fight in question.

Friedan: But if feminism means not to take part in politics, what becomes of women when men become fascists or make nuclear war?

de Beauvoir: Up to a certain point, as I said. Of course, if I were an American, I would have fought against the war in Vietnam. But there are means of not entering into the fight of men, into their political deals, which is very feminist.

Friedan: How?

de Beauvoir: That becomes a much too complicated question; to know how to fight against a nuclear war—that would really take us too far. Before all these questions that you raise can fall into place, society has to change.

Friedan: But how is it going to change?

de Beauvoir: We are already moving it. There are black movements, the young people, the women. These are not minorities. Women are not a minority—marginal forces if you prefer.

Friedan: Now, that is exactly what I am leading up to: that we should somehow join forces with other movements forwarding human life, to make society move. Otherwise, we remain outside and there will be, I think, fascism.

de Beauvoir: Not join forces, but each one should do its work in its own place, in its own way, in its own group . . . Each group will explode its own part. There is need for a liaison between this or that to do the work; for example, doing women's work. □

Friedan: "The dehumanization of sex and the machismo of the male are bred by women's inequality. When this is changed, there can be real sexual liberation."

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(**Giroud:** *continued from page 30.*)
change and wondered publicly in *L'Express* whether Chirac would have acted so high-handedly in the case of someone representing war veterans or merchants and craftsmen: "In two weeks he is going to ask me to set up my office in the Matignon kitchen and make coffee for the gentlemen of the UDR [the Gaullist Party]." A month later Giroud took the job on her own terms—and she exulted on the cover of *L'Express* with the headline, "The Power of Women." It is hard to reconcile the boldness of that episode with her description of herself as "passive, shy, and modest."

The fate of her reformist legislative program may indicate just how much power women, and Giroud, have in a society whose laws rest on the foundation of the patriarchal *Code Napoléon.*

The only sex discrimination statute on the books is an equal-pay law, but that does not work very well. "To enforce the law, women must inform work inspectors," says Giroud, "and very few women have complained. Employers can easily get around it by giving them different job titles and slightly different duties."

Her program is notable for its focus on the problems of older women: "Women over 40 who seek work don't get good jobs however hard they try because of the small chance they have to get professional training," Giroud wrote in *Le Monde.* "Instead, they are punished for having had children."

THE FRENCH COMMUNISTS have greeted Giroud's program with derision, and even the liberal *Le Monde* has called it "not very spectacular." But the government continues to adopt new women's-rights measures. The February Council of Ministers has agreed to seek legislation banning the refusal to employ a woman because she is pregnant. It has also prohibited sex discrimination in hiring for government jobs.

Meanwhile, the polls show that Giroud is well on her way to building the support she needs.

Yet, there is also some criticism—from those who do not like the idea of shunting women's concerns off to a separate office and from people who think it will be an agency for co-optation and compromise, chiefly concerned with public relations. Feminists are distressed by Giroud's marked coolness toward their movement. When I talked with her recently I asked her whether she would meet with feminist representatives.

Giroud replied, "The problem is not to see women but to see men." She will likely work with the traditional women's organizations but apparently does not want to ally herself with the French Women's Liberation Movement.

She does not feel much "sisterhood" toward American feminists, either. Betty Friedan was the only feminist invited to a cocktail party at Rizzoli's bookstore in New York, held to celebrate the October publication of *I Give You My Word.* Friedan had contributed a blurb to Giroud's memoir; a Houghton-Mifflin representative said Giroud had not wanted American feminists at the party.

She told reporters on "Meet the Press," "I don't like people who have a cause."

"The condition of women is not your cause?" asked Edwin Newman.

"No," she replied, "I am not devoted to this cause. I have this job now, and I try to do the best I can; that is all." A moment later, she added, "I feel that American women hate men sometimes, and I don't hate men. I like men, and even I can say I love men, you see."

A French woman who has been a close personal and professional friend for years explains that Giroud's conflicts about feminism are related to the psychoanalysis she underwent as a result of the depression and near suicide that followed the breakup of her long affair with Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, who is seven years younger than she. Fifteen years ago Schreiber married a younger woman. (Giroud was married after the war for six years to a "seductive" Russian whom she divorced. They had a daughter, Caroline Eliacheff, who is a doctor.)

Giroud once wrote in *L'Express*, "I have learned (sometimes the hard way) what it means to be a woman—who wants to remain one—in a man's world." Still, she has felt contempt for women who are "weak, whining, and underhanded, without having any excuse for being so." A feminist would suggest that women have behaved so because they lacked personal independence and power. And Giroud herself says, returning to her favorite theme, "The most important thing for every woman to learn is to be economically independent." □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 55): neareth, hearten, earneth, earthen.

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 35* (see page 7): no place affords a more striking conviction of the vanity of human hopes than a public library.
—Samuel Johnson

(**Men's Words:** *continued from page 25.*)
"aviatrix," "woman doctor" or "woman lawyer," "lady cop," "woman priest" or "woman minister." It was as though a woman who wrote poetry was not really a poet, one who flew an airplane was not really an aviator, and one who practiced medicine was not really a doctor.

And there are the constant difficulties presented by the absence of a neutral singular personal pronoun in English. Do we say, "Every student must complete his work by Tuesday"—thus assuming that the students are all male—or adopt the expression "his or her work," which can be awkward if too often repeated?

But the avoidance of sexist bias does not require tampering with hallowed terms or using stilted and artificial forms. A decent sense of English style wed to genuine regard for the dignity and equality of both sexes will produce good writing without either sexist bias or artificial distortions.

Some linguists may point out, as did Jacques Barzun in a recent issue of the *Columbia Forum*, that *man* in its distant etymological past really meant "human," and that it and its compounds, such as *mankind*, do properly include females and males alike. According to these linguists, it is being pointlessly, and indeed incorrectly, finicky to seek to avoid the generic use of these male terms. But does *men*, even when generically used, truly mean the same thing as *men and women*? Would the Declaration of Independence have meant the same thing if it said "... all men and women are created equal"? Indeed, would the signers have signed it? Would there have been no change in the meaning of the biblical query if it had asked, "What are men and women, that Thou art mindful of them?" *Man* and its compounds when used generically have an ambiguity useful to writers who want to be slippery with their meanings. They can decide for themselves when it will be offered as a noble universality and when and by how much its meaning will be restricted. They can ring out with the universal "All men are created equal" and, in the application, narrow the meaning to males—and indeed, relying further on ambiguity, to white males. If a more precise term had been used—"All humans are created equal," or "All men and women are created equal"—we would have had to confront, generations earlier, problems of racial and sexual discrimination veiled in 1776 by the shifting meaning of *man.* □

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Double-Crostic No. 75

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 U	2 X	3 B		4 O	5 T	6 F	7 N	8 I	9 H	10 B	11 G	12 D	13 X		14 L	15 G	16 R
17 B		18 T	19 L		20 X	21 B	22 E		23 N	24 X	25 C	26 O		27 W	28 P		29 W
30 K	31 B		32 K	33 B	34 Q	35 O	36 W	37 L	38 E		39 T		40 R	41 B	42 T	43 C	
44 K	45 Y		46 I	47 L	48 R	49 W	50 P	51 E		52 B	53 F	54 C	55 M	56 U	57 H	58 G	59 O
60 L	61 E	62 N	63 W	64 S		65 H	66 J	67 B	68 Y		69 G	70 R	71 I	72 C	73 P	74 U	75 D
76 F	77 M	78 S	79 X	80 E	81 T		82 Y	83 S		84 N	85 R	86 I	87 C	88 S	89 G	90 U	91 M
	92 P	93 U	94 O		95 V	96 O		97 C	98 X	99 G	100 B		101 H	102 M	103 P	104 I	105 K
106 S	107 E	108 U	109 J	110 Q	111 T	112 R	113 N	114 X		115 M	116 C	117 F	118 X		119 S	120 L	121 K
	122 X	123 M	124 P	125 O	126 D		127 S	128 I	129 A	130 C		131 M	132 Q	133 S	134 K	135 N	136 T
137 E		138 P	139 A		140 G	141 D	142 I	143 Q	144 F	145 V		146 O	147 U	148 Q	149 X	150 G	151 B
152 I	153 J	154 C		155 S	156 A		157 B	158 N	159 H	160 O	161 Y		162 Q	163 Y		164 K	165 D
166 O	167 V	168 R	169 I	170 A	171 L	172 N	173 H	174 G	175 T	176 Y		177 V	178 E	179 D	180 Q		181 U
182 A	183 P	184 I		185 J	186 S	187 U	188 I	189 W	190 B	191 Q		192 H	193 T	194 D	195 Y	196 L	197 F
198 O	199 I		200 F	201 X		202 R	203 P	204 J	205 F		206 K	207 D	208 I	209 W	210 A	211 U	212 B
213 F	214 L	215 H		216 O	217 Q	218 W		219 A	220 I	221 J	222 R	223 N	224 L	225 D	226 W		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

A. East Indian grass also called khuskhus

B. She was "Neptune's Daughter" and the "Million-Dollar Mermaid" (full name)

C. Cools, strengthens, etc., as by food, drink, or rest

D. Reply, comeback

E. Type of canine

F. "The orange flower perfumes the bower,/_____ is on the sea" (2 wds.; Scott, *Quentin Durward*)

G. "_____ raised its head" (2 wds.; Hunt, "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel")

H. Having no weak points of which an opponent may take advantage

I. Imaginary, ideal state, condition, place, etc. (comp. & wd.)

J. Feel abhorrence of, loathe

K. Delivers, pays (2 wds.)

L. Lure, enticement

WORDS

129 139 156 219 170 182 210

31 3 17 21 33 52 100 151 157 190
41 67 212 10

25 43 54 72 87 97 116 130 154

165 179 194 207 75 12 126 141 225

22 38 51 61 80 107 137 178

197 205 53 200 6 213 117 76 144

150 15 58 174 11 69 89 99 140

159 173 192 215 9 57 65 101

104 142 208 86 169 188 71 152 184 8
46 128 220 199

221 66 109 153 185 204

32 44 121 206 30 105 134 164

171 224 14 37 60 196 19 47 120 214

CLUES

M. *Composite plant of the genus Senecio*

N. Practices chicanery

O. Province of northwestern Belgium; capital: Ghent (2 wds.)

P. Large, pantropic genus of somewhat poisonous trees and shrubs

Q. Novel by Samuel Lover (2 wds.)

R. Quality, characteristic

S. Mental disorder in which one believes himself to be an animal

T. Institution for the promotion of literary or scientific learning

U. 1922 Grey-Wood-Gibbs song (2 wds.)

V. *Small specimens or portions;* specks

W. Wordsworth poem (3 wds.)

X. Accidentally, unconsciously

Y. Most pliable, mellifluous, tender, sweet, weak

WORDS

55 77 91 115 123 102 131

7 158 172 23 62 84 113 135 223

166 216 4 35 96 125 146 26 94
198 59 160

183 92 124 138 203 50 28 73 103

132 162 217 143 180 110 34 148 191

16 40 48 85 112 202 222 70 168

88 133 155 64 78 127 83 186 106 119

18 111 136 193 81 39 175 5 42

108 187 90 211 56 93 181 1 74 147

145 95 177 167

27 189 209 29 63 218 36 49 226

24 114 122 79 2 20 149 118 13 98 201

163 82 45 68 195 176 161

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 74* appears on page 45.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

The Great Muddling Metaphor

I've mentioned before how I feel about the use of football as a metaphor for national policy.

President Ford is evidently addicted to it. Back in the days when, as Representative Ford, he was being considered for the vice-presidency, he referred to President Nixon as our quarterback: "You don't go out and tackle your quarterback once he has called the play." In October 1974 he told the members of his Cabinet, "You have the ball. You must carry the ball. If you don't score, it's your fault."

Some metaphors are harmless, some are useful, some are beautiful, and some are stumbling blocks to clear thinking. Metaphors bear watching. The great American football metaphor is almost always inappropriate and is often dangerously so. I find the use of football metaphors for warfare appalling. Football is a game. No one ever said, "Football is hell." Football doesn't tear limbs from bodies, destroy homes and farmlands, and napalm innocent bystanders. In fact, football has severe penalties for unnecessary roughness.

Yet, when President Ford was arguing for more military aid to the Thieu government in April, he said that the tragedy in Vietnam was the result of the fact that the United States had not made a special effort "at the last minute of the last quarter." Football has played an important role in the life of Gerald Ford.

The April 20 *New York Times* Sunday Magazine was devoted to John Hersey's story of a week spent with the President. The photo at the head of the article showed Mr. Ford at his desk, a large metal football in the foreground.

There's no reason why the President of the United States shouldn't have a metal football on his desk. I have nothing against football. But the use of the metaphor "the last minute of the last quarter" in reference to the disaster in Vietnam must not go unchallenged.

Like all similar instances of the football metaphor, it puts war in the same class with sport, and that's bad enough—but there's worse. "The last minute of the last quarter" suggests that the Vietnam war had a time limit, and that if we could throw in that final burst of weaponry, "our guys" might snatch victory from the jaws of defeat before the old clock on the scoreboard counted down to "no seconds left," when the war, or game, would be over and everyone would live happily ever after.

I'll express the obvious only to the extent of saying that that "special effort"—those additional arms—would simply have prolonged the killing.

If our minds are geared largely to the sports pages, we tend to think in terms of winning, losing, and standings in the league, and we're apt to say things like, "We're number one!" and "The greatest country in the world!" I'm afraid there are many among us who are unable to accept the reality of Vietnam because they are afraid it signifies "the first time we've ever lost a war." To think in terms of contests, of "won" and "lost" columns, is to lose one's perspective on normal give and take—the reasonable elastic accommodations that are really the basis of society and, ultimately, of survival.

Obviously, the words we use affect our attitudes, and our attitudes affect our choice of words. Just as a man who habitually refers to women as *broads*, *chicks*, *skirts*, and *dames* will almost certainly treat women as inferiors, and just as one who says, "History repeats itself" will come to believe it and find ways of seeing Munich in Cuba and Pearl Harbor in Saigon, so the world leader who sees the international scene as a global gridiron can, with the best intentions, speak of the last minute of the last quarter of a war.

President Nixon, thinking in football terms, liked to speak of his "game plan," and it's now been made perfectly clear that he admired Vince Lombardi's philosophy, "Winning is everything."

It would be absurd to blame America's problems on the influence football has had on some of its top men, but I hope most devoutly that when people—especially the world's leaders—need metaphors, they'll find ones that clarify, rather than muddle, their thinking. □

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VACATIONS

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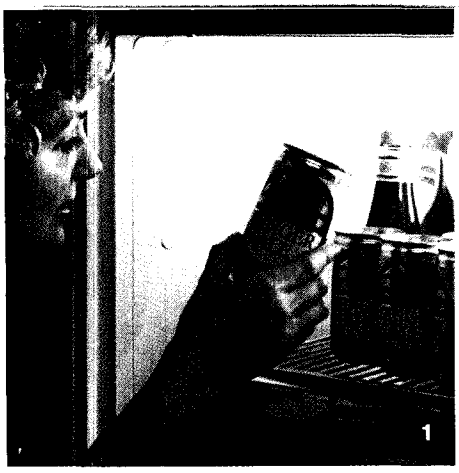

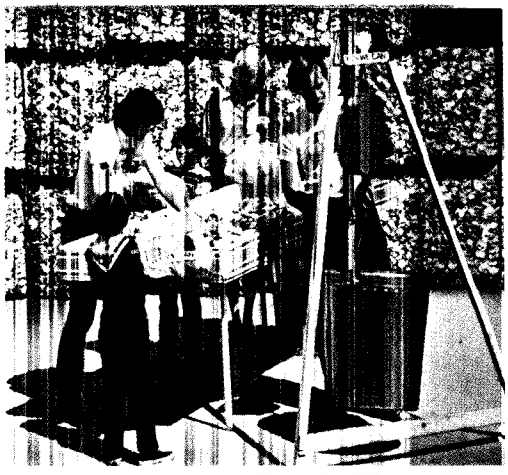

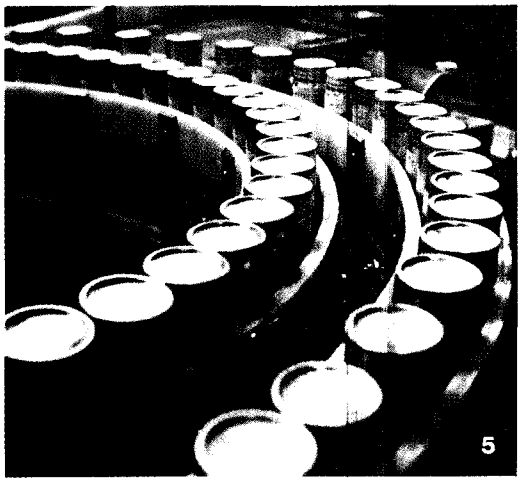

The right way to use an aluminum can is to use it again.

The aluminum can is lightweight, chills quickly and keeps beverages fresh and flavorful. It's also easy to recycle. Used aluminum cans are baled or shredded and shipped out from the reclamation center, then remelted and fabricated into brand-new cans. Recycling is important because it saves energy and gives aluminum new life, over and over. That's why Alcoa supports recycling programs throughout the country.

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The point is that a used aluminum can has become far too valuable to waste.

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The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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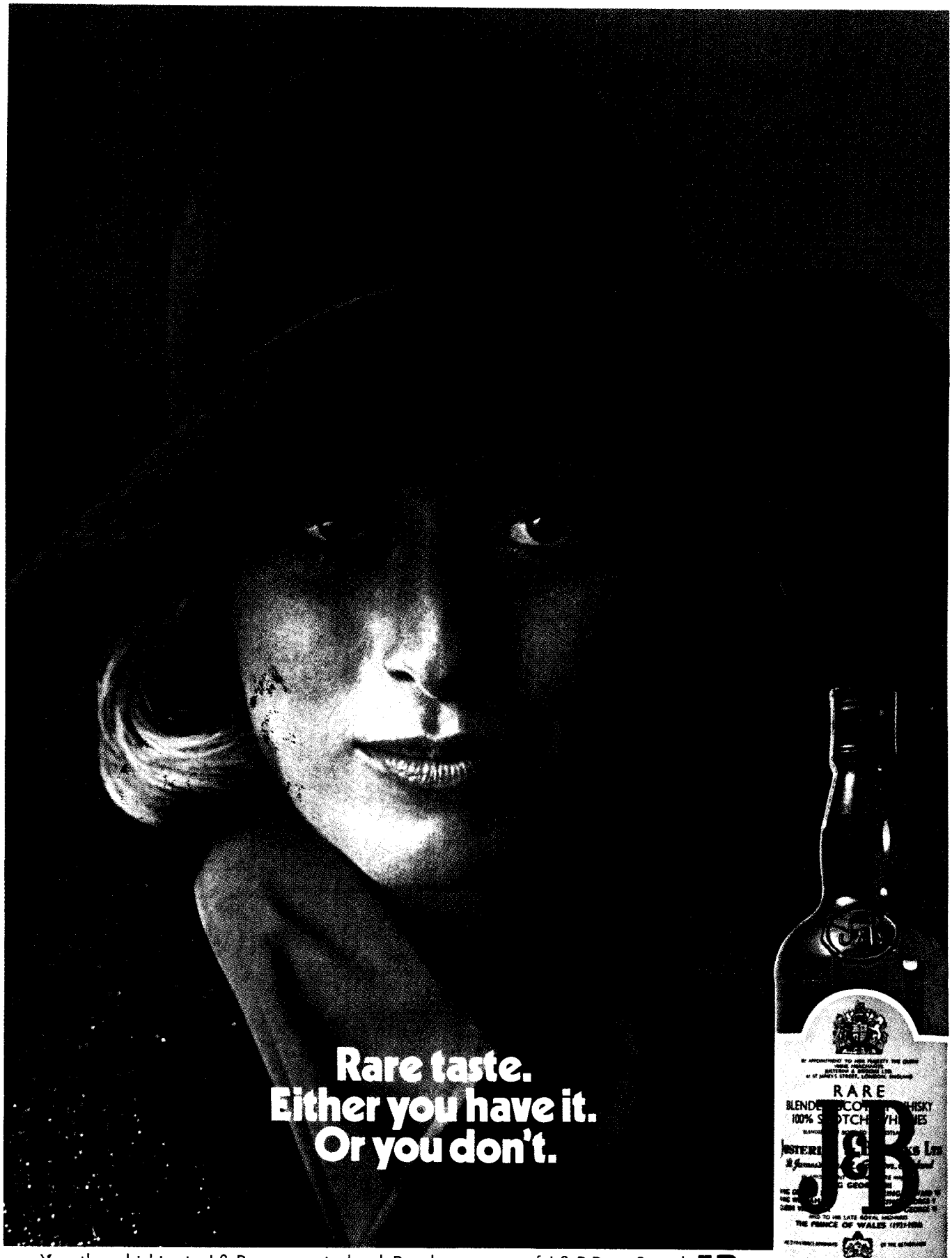

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